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THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

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In discussing a question which has been so freely ventilated during the past two decades as the Negro Problem, the writer is under a certain disadvantage, since in the masses of accumulated evidence on the subject he finds nearly every aspect of the case carefully studied, and he is perforce compelled to go over again many time-worn arguments. And yet, in the present condition of affairs, in the confusion of the public mind, and, more particularly, in the indefinite attitude of the average American towards this problem, one finds the clearest proof that it is as fresh to-day as ever, as full of debatable points, and as important to the people of this country. Every now and then some special incident brings the subject forcibly before the nation; but, although it takes these sensational episodes to earn the tribute of colossal headlines in the daily papers, the Negro Problem is, like the poor, always with us—a part of the national life of the United States, a factor in her social evolution, a "black cloud" hanging on the horizon of her brilliant future.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of the movements by which the African savage was transplanted to American soil, given a certain training in the school of slavery, and then turned loose on the world as a full-blown American citizen. The only

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explanation of the series of blunders made in the treatment of the negro race by their white masters can best be given in the words of Dr. Johnson, "Ignorance—pure ignorance!" After all, even with our superior instruction and the judicial attitude which the perspective of time allows, it would be difficult for any one of us to construct a plan which would have met the requirements of the case and nullified the inevitable evils arising from an anomalous and impossible situation. There is, the writer believes, a general consensus of opinion in this country, both North and South, that many mistakes have been made in dealing with the negro, and as an unprejudiced observer he would like to see a similar unanimity in forgetting the past and constructing some definite policy for the future. Ten years ago, James Bryce, writing in this REVIEW, noted the extreme divergence of opinion amongst educated Americans as to the character, possibilities and future of the negro. Were he to travel to-day, as the writer has done, in the same parts of the country, and converse with men of similar calibre, he would, it is to be feared, find still more confusion and discrepancy.

No conclusion as to the Negro Problem can be arrived at without a brief preliminary statement of certain facts. The negro colored population of the United States at the last census was 8,840,789, the total population being 76,303,387. The decennial increase (1890-1900) was at the rate of 18.1 per cent., as compared with 21.4 per cent. among the whites, or 18.9 among the whites of American parentage.* In the last century the negro percentage, in proportion to the total population, decreased from 18.9 to 11.6. The negro element in 1790 was one-fifth of the total population, while now it is merely one-ninth. But the relative decline of the negro element is due to foreign white immigration, the natural increase of the two races being about equal. We are not, therefore, as has been sometimes stated, face to face with the possible swamping of the white by the black race. On the other hand, the figures show that the negro race is not, by any means, dying out, that its increase, on the contrary, is steady, and that the high death-rate is due to causes altogether apart from racial deterioration. We have, therefore, in the United States, with a large black population which is tending more and more to

* In the South Atlantic division the increase of whites was 19.9 per cent., as compared with 14.3 for negroes, and in the South Central division the figures were respectively 29.1 and 19.9.

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segregation, this anomaly—a nation within a nation; and many are the schemes which have been devised to cut the Gordian knot of difficulties arising from this situation.

First, people have dreamed of transplanting the entire race, and although this idea may be absurd it seems still to be cherished by serious people. The experiment in Liberia, and another more recently in Mexico, having resulted in failure, other suggestions have been made. Africa, practically partitioned among the European Powers, is no longer available as a dumping ground, even were the negroes willing to return there. A suggestion, so wild as to be fantastic, which yet seems to have been seriously received in this country, is the transportation of negroes to the Philippines. That such an idea should have even obtained a hearing demonstrates a lamentable state of ignorance both as regards the negro and the Filipino. These fantastic schemes may at once be dismissed, for no one with the most elementary knowledge of the subject can doubt that, for good or evil, the negro has become an integral part of the United States system, and that the problem is one that cannot be got rid of by any such drastic measures.

There are many people who argue that the question had better be left alone—that it will settle itself, and that the social and economic difficulties will be adjusted by the mere process of time. This theory, though convenient, is hardly warranted by facts; for it needs little study to realize that, instead of smoothing out the tangled threads, time is engaged in confusing them, and that, to drop the metaphor, relations between the two races are becoming more and more strained.

It is the aim and ambition of every true American of the United States to make his country the first in the world, not merely in wealth and power but in social evolution. How can this be accomplished when a great canker eats into the heart of the nation? More than eight millions of American citizens, theoretically free, are enslaved by the chains of tradition and prejudice. While the bulk of the nation moves forward, this eight millions—one-ninth of the whole—remains practically stationary; for, while a few individuals of the negro race succeed in raising themselves far above its old limits, the great mass is making no progress, is indeed receding in many respects. The gulf widens day by day, is infinitely wider now than in slavery days. The negro race, too, has this characteristic,—it rises very slowly, it retrogrades with

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extraordinary rapidity. As an unprejudiced observer, it seems to the writer impossible that a country which prides itself, as does the United States, on enlightenment, freedom and justice, and which expects to play the leading part in world affairs in the future, can afford to have at its very heart this disintegrating force, this constant irritant, this potent reminder of past and present mistakes.

Let us put aside, therefore, as equally impracticable, the policies of wholesale deportation and "masterly inactivity"; but, before attempting any constructive policy, it is necessary to review briefly the character of the people under consideration.

Widely different as are the estimates of the negro given by white men, they agree generally in certain conclusions. One of the keenest observers of the African negro (the late Mary Kingsley) speaks of his weakest points as "his emotionalism, his sloth, his vanity, and—want of mechanical idea." The three first are faults of temperament, the latter largely a defect in training—temperament, of course, is also modified by training; and we have constantly to remind ourselves that there is no educated ancestry behind the negro of to-day. Indolence, physical and mental, is undoubtedly the keynote of the African race; friends and foes agree equally in this estimate. Indolent and ignorant, untrained in the most elementary manual labor and incapable of the simplest mental exercise, the African negro of the West Coast was transplanted at one bound to a country where physical exertion was exacted from him and a certain amount of mental exercise became a necessity.

There is no space here to enter into a discussion of the various aspects of the slave system; but it is generally admitted, the writer believes, that under it some advance was made—the American negro was raised to a higher plane; he learned a civilized language, acquired a better standard of living, and in many cases attained considerable skill as a mechanic or house-servant. That the bulk of the slaves performed more or less mechanical field work, not calculated to train either mind or hand, is true; but the mere habit of labor, which civilized man accepts as a matter of course and the savage despises, was a training in itself. Naturally, the slaves submitted to this discipline without any appreciation of its educational value, and, like children, their first idea on receiving freedom was that it meant eternal holidays; but it is idle

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to deny that during the period of slavery the majority of the negroes had learned lessons which were of the utmost value in fitting them for their environment. As for the exceptional men, it is, indeed, remarkable to find how many, some born in Africa, rose above the level of their own people; and we are familiar with instances of slaves who exhibited the highest traits of faithfulness, self-reliance and industry when the white master was no longer there. To what did they owe their emancipation from constitutional lethargy, both mental and physical? To their constant association with white people and the discipline enforced, but also to inherent possibilities in the race. And while it is impossible to judge a people from picked specimens of their race, it is equally impossible to ignore those exceptions in making an estimate of racial capacity. Every Englishman is not a Shakespeare, but we feel that only a nation with our latent possibilities could have produced that genius.

There is a general impression, borne out to a certain extent by statistics, that the negroes have degenerated in capacity and industry since the abolition; and one of themselves, the able and enlightened Booker Washington, makes a strong point of this, attributing the change to the fact that on the plantation and in the "great house" slaves were trained in every department of skilled labor and were master carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, and mechanics, whereas now, handicapped by their own indolence and by the competition of white men, they are being driven to the wall, white labor even ousting them from the fields of agriculture and domestic service. This is, no doubt, largely due to race prejudice, but not altogether. The average negro is not as satisfactory in any of these departments of human industry as the average white man, and as a rule it is quite as much his faults of character and temperament that disqualify him as his lack of technical skill. These faults—instability, unreliability, restlessness and the like—were corrected and subdued by the discipline of slavery, and therefore in many respects the negro artisan, mechanic, field-hand or servant of to-day is inferior to his prototype of slave-days. This is one side of the question.

As we find him to-day, the American negro is a mass of anomalies and incongruities. There are brilliant and abnormal individuals who seem to controvert in their persons every charge brought against the race, and, as has been said, we cannot leave

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these out in the estimation of racial possibilities. But, on the whole, it must be confessed that the combined product of six generations of slavery and forty years of freedom is what might be expected from two systems so entirely opposite in their effects, acting on an original foundation of practical savagery. To take a race, still in the most elementary stage of development, and put it through such extremes in the short space of some two centuries, was an experiment which subverts all theories of racial evolution. The American negro, therefore, wears the garments and speaks the language of a civilized people. He accepts the wonders of science as utilized in modern American life; he practices, with much fervor, the rites of Christianity, and he does everything in his power to lessen the outward difference between himself and the white man. But scratch the negro and you will find a savage. His constitutional enemies—sloth, emotionalism and vanity—and his inherited lack of mechanical capacity are forever dragging him back. His Christianity is tinctured with the gross superstitions of his former home, and has little connection in his mind with morality. His devotion to the church, as has been pointed out, is greatly due to the fact that it provides him with a centre for that communal life which, in his state of evolution, takes the place of the home. He regards education merely as a means to cheap distinction or something which may place him above the necessity of labor. In this connection it may be mentioned that, while the negro race contributes vast sums for religious purposes, and owns church property valued at $26,000,000, its contributions to education would hardly amount to one-tenth of that sum. The nomadic habits of African ancestors, modified but not eradicated by the discipline of slavehood, have returned with force since the black man became his own master, and, above everything, he is unreliable and fond of change.

One might multiply these descriptions indefinitely, and trace every trait back to its original home in the African swamp. The moral frequently drawn from such researches seems to be, "Once an African, always an African"; so that any attempts to "elevate the negro" are foredoomed to shipwreck on the rocks of racial incapacity. But what authority have we for placing one race of mankind entirely apart by denying it any capacity for development? The traditional classification of the human family has

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been abandoned by most modern ethnologists, and the Bible is no longer quoted by men of science or culture as a proof that one race of mankind is foredoomed to slavery. We have, certainly, in the Negritos and the Australian Bushmen, two instances of primitive races which do not seem capable of making even the smallest advance, but their incapacity to adopt civilization is to a great extent physical; they simply droop and die, as did the highly-cultivated Indians when brought in contact with the Spanish system, or as the gentle South Sea Islanders are dwindling under a civilization to which they are unadapted.

On the contrary, no devitalization of the negro race has yet taken place, even under the most adverse circumstances; and the American negro, being to a certain degree the product of selection, is physically vigorous, even when transplanted to a temperate climate. There is, therefore, no physical reason against his evolution, and we have yet to receive proofs that he has arrived at the extreme point of mental and moral development. Under a system, brutal and faulty, entirely impossible in the present era of civilization but adapted to the requirements of a situation which was fundamentally wrong, he made distinct progress. How many of the countless millions who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have ever reflected what that venerable man would have been like if he had been living out of slavery—on his native African swamp? This is no defence of slave-holding—merely an appreciation of the progress made by the black race under a system so indefensible in many of its aspects.

As for the progress of the race after emancipation, it has been said that the negro regarded his return to freedom as a deliverance from all labor. Although this argues a very elementary stage in evolution, it must be remembered that hitherto, while he had certainly been raised several grades above his original state, he had had no chance of developing the sense of responsibility which is an essential of good citizenship. In addition to this he was made the tool of party politicians, and, therefore, with his sudden acquisition of political and social rights, he lost, during the period of reconstruction, far more than he gained from the point of view of character development. This was inevitable, and will always occur when a strong people puts into the hands of a weak one weapons which the latter do not understand and can only wield with danger to themselves and others. When affairs in the South

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finally settled down, and compromises were arrived at which rendered the misused weapons harmful chiefly to those who handled them, there was left the terrible gulf between the races, who had hitherto lived together in the capacity of masters and servants on terms of intimacy and often of affection. On the other hand, a whole stream of private benevolence was let loose, having for its object the uplifting of the negro, and facilities were provided, by which the gates of higher education, hitherto barred, were opened to the black race, with many other possibilities. Unfortunately the education provided was purely literary, quite unsuited for the negro.

The new conditions were more favorable to the exceptional negro, but far less, from many points of view, to the great mass of black people, for this reason: that they were removed from the sphere of white influence, and thrown on their own resources while still in an unfledged, and immature, condition. Time and space do not allow the following out in detail of the different ways in which the new forces operated; but, taking the Southern negroes roughly on the whole, we find to-day that they are further from, instead of nearer to, the ideal of American citizenship. They betray a tendency to leave the work for which they are best adapted —agriculture, and field-work generally; and even when still employed on the land they give increasing cause for dissatisfaction because of their irregular and nomadic habits. In the South they are segregating into what is known as the Black Belt, while in the Border States they are crowding into the larger cities, and in both parts they congregate in districts where too often are reproduced the worst features of the old slave-quarter, without its wholesome restraint and supervision. With the gradual dying out of old slaves, trained in various forms of mechanical skill, there has arisen no similar class among free negroes, for those trained in industrial schools and colleges to-day represent a higher stratum of negro society. They are in fact picked men, and not sufficiently numerous to leaven the whole lump. Very few indeed actually practise the trades they learn, but are employed as school-teachers. The skilled negro artisan becomes more and more rare, and whereas technical training was practically forced on the slaves, and a large proportion of them took to it as a rise in their position, the present-day negro is being relegated more and more to the humblest occupations and domestic service,

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and even here he has to meet more and more with competition from the whites. In two respects, the condition of the negroes is certainly improved—landed property in the rural districts has been acquired by them on a considerable scale and the percentage of illiteracy is less; and education is, undoubtedly, the most valuable of gifts. To this subject we must return later. The writer's object here is merely to sum up what he has gathered from many sources, and what is certainly apparent to any one returning to the Southern States, as he has done, after a ten years' absence. The sum of his impressions and of the evidence gathered from all sources is, that the position of the negro has not improved in the last decade, that his character shows distinct signs of retrogression, and that the relations between the white and black races are far less satisfactory.

One does not require to go far afield to see the result of "leaving the negro to his own devices." Hayti has become a byword among the nations, and it is incontrovertible that, with the removal of white control, the negroes have reverted to a condition almost of savagery, because they retain the vices of the white man, in addition to their own, and clothe both with the outward semblance of civilization and Christianity. Liberia is another instance of dismal failure. Jamaica in the early days afforded a similar object lesson, and was only rescued from disorder by prompt action. Placed once more under the Crown, under a paternal and liberal government, the Jamaican negro is probably the best specimen of his race,—orderly, industrious and making steady strides in character development.

To go back a little. It must be admitted that the American negroes advanced under slavery, and it is also allowed by many, including the best among themselves, that they have in many respects retrograded since the abolition. Despite the improvement in their status, political and social, the black race seems to be losing instead of gaining ground. In literary education their progress has certainly been marked; but it seems doubtful, to say the least of it, whether this improvement has accomplished what was expected in fitting the black man for the battle of life which he is constrained to wage under hostile conditions. Even in the new industrial development of the South, which will transform that part of the country as it has done the East and North, the negro finds no place.

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What, therefore, is the "one thing needful," the element which, triumphing over the evils of the slave system, was working out the salvation of the negro against his will? In one word—discipline. Civilized people recognize the necessity for this and enforce it on themselves and their children, knowing that nations have only risen to greatness in proportion to their obedience to a central authority. In the present stage of negro evolution, the great need is for a paternal government, and the problem for the United States is how to combine such government with the theories of a democracy. The question of how to accomplish this does not arise only in connection with the American negro. It has been met in connection with the Indian, and although the friends of the Noble Red Man must doubt the wisdom of the methods employed, these constitute a precedent for a liberal interpretation of the Constitution which is sometimes forgotten. In the Philippines and Porto Rico a similar problem has to be faced; and there can be no doubt that the destinies of the United States will lead her to take up still more the white man's burden. She has got somehow to evolve a workable hypothesis on which to construct a government for alien people in a different stage of evolution. She has already lost much of the spirit of a true democracy; and to-day one finds, amidst the constant assertion of social equality, that hardly even in aristocratic Britain are the privileges of family and caste more jealously guarded and more proudly acclaimed. This social phenomenon is, of course, stronger in the South than anywhere else; but the East has its full share, and, despite the ideals of individual liberty and universal justice, we see in this country the crushing tyranny of Trusts on one hand and of Labor Unions on the other. There is nothing unnatural in the evolution of this state of affairs; but, to the writer, it is symptomatic of a tendency which seems typical of present-day America—a tendency to proclaim aloud the letter of democracy while secretly controverting its spirit. This was the pitfall into which the negro fell. He was promised an equality with the white man which the latter neither could, nor would, allow him. This was done in ignorance and good faith; but, once the mistake revealed itself, the white man was not prepared to own his error. He merely patched up the situation by methods often as illegal as they were illogical. As a matter of fact, the position of an inferior race in a democratic country was, and is, an

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anomaly. It would be far better if the situation were accepted broadly as such, and if, instead of trying to fit the inferior race to the American Constitution, the Constitution were generously interpreted to suit the needs of the inferior race. The initial mistake having been made of giving the negroes universal suffrage, the white men of the South have been compelled in self-defence to restrict that suffrage in various ways. This was not "liberally interpreting" the Constitution however, but juggling with it. The introduction of education and property test is a legitimate solution of the difficulty, but there must be a great change in the spirit and the methods in which they are applied, if they are to work satisfactorily. Incidentally it may be said here that the negro has good sense and justice on his side in claiming that the tests should apply equally to the illiterate whites. Political jerry-mandering, although it may be outwardly successful, has a most deteriorating effect on both blacks and whites, and by demoralizing politics defeats its own ends in the long run.

The great essential is a radical change in the attitude of the white race towards the negroes. With the declaration of a democracy which should embrace both we have seen the gradual widening of the gulf between them, and an evident tendency of the strong to push the weak to the wall. The idea of racial fusion is repulsive, and there is strong evidence that it becomes more so. No student of ethnology could desire it otherwise. The logical attitude seems to the writer to be an entire change from this pseudo-democratic equality. Let the fact be acknowledged by both races, that the negro belongs to a different plane to the Anglo-Saxon, that he is inferior, mentally and morally, not from inherent defects, but because he is at a different stage of social evolution. Let us not deny in the face of evidence his power of development, but bend our minds to the task of helping him in his upward path. The fusion, social or otherwise, of the two races is impossible; but why can they not live side by side, without contempt on the one hand and hatred on the other? Although there are difficulties to be adjusted which do not arise in a country governed by a Crown, the writer can see no real obstacle to the American negro ultimately living with his white neighbor on terms similar to those of the Mohammedan or Hindoo with the British. To take an instance nearer to hand. Why cannot the relations be similar to those prevailing in Jamaica?

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That island should be carefully studied by all who are interested in the future of the negro. The conditions of life there were very similar to those in the South in the ante-bellum days. Since that time there has been no industrial development, and there is still no white competition; but still the parallel is sufficiently close to be very instructive. The commercial depression of the West Indies was unfavorable to the development of the negro, but in spite of it he has made strides. In morality, for instance, there is a remarkable improvement; crime is comparatively rare and trivial. An instructive anecdote which illustrates this was told me recently of a lady who lived in the island alone on her plantation, many miles from any other white people. "Are you not afraid?" she was asked, and she replied: "Oh no! We have plenty of black men about the place!" It is no exaggeration to say that a woman can go from one end of the island to the other in perfect safety. In industry a great advance has been made. The roads and public works are all the fruit of native labor, many of the foremen and overseers being also colored men. In Central America, in developing the coast lands, the Jamaican negroes are in great request and are practically indispensable in that region; nor would it be possible to construct a Trans-Isthmian canal without them. Large employers of Jamaica laborers, who have experience of negroes in the Southern States, speak of the superior docility and industry of the former. Finally, a word of praise must be given to the West-Indian soldier, whose white officer speaks of him with pride and affection. There is a striking contrast between the status of the negro in Jamaica and in America. In the former, it is not only possible but customary for the Governor to entertain any colored man of standing, and many of the government offices are open to them. The writer can speak from experience of the capacity and intelligence displayed by such men. There is no restriction in cars, theatres or hotels; and yet there is far less chance of insolence or intrusiveness on the part of the negro. On the country roads every man or woman greets the white traveller with a bow or curtsey "Marnin', Massa," or "Missus," and as often as not is answered with "Morning, uncle" or "auntie!"

What is the reason of this difference in the relations of the two races? In the first place, the Jamaican negro labors under no sense of injustice. He has not been taught to consider himself

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the absolute equal of the white man; but, at the same time, he knows that he will be treated according to his deserts if he rises above the level of his race. Racial fusion is out of the question; but on his merits he can raise himself in the eyes of the world, both black and white. He respects himself accordingly, and regards himself, often with touching *naïveté,* as an integral and valuable part of the Empire. Meet him where you may, he pats himself on the chest and says, with a grin, "British subject, sar!"

The great panacea suggested for the evils of the condition of the negro race is education. It is interesting to note that in Jamaica education has been, until quite recently, very defective and unscientific. Nevertheless, the Jamaican negro, while less "up to date" in some ways, is undoubtedly a better, wiser, more useful man than his American brother; without any "problems" to worry him; advancing slowly but surely along the paths of progress towards material prosperity and spiritual enlightenment. There is no need to quote statistics in proof of this. The phenomena I have cited can be observed by the merest globe-trotter. The important point is the existence in this island of a system by which blacks and whites live together, enjoying the same privileges, and to a great extent the same opportunities, without race fusion, and without race hatred. The whites, numerically small, are and have always been politically the stronger (since the reconstruction which was necessary after the first period of freedom). In a word, the white man has ruled and influenced the black, and because he has done so openly and legally the negro has not resented the situation, and because their relations are clearly defined the white can afford to treat the negro with generosity and sympathy.

It may be impossible to create a situation such as this in the United States, but a good deal could be done by a franker and more just appreciation of the state of affairs. It may not be possible to take the negro question out of the realms of party politics, but a wider sympathy with the negroes and appreciation of their needs, especially among the prosperous communities of the North, would do a good deal to help them out of the slough of despond into which the avarice and ignorance of the white man have plunged them. The sympathy of the North is largely theoretical. Throughout the dark days the Southern gentry have done much for their poor colored neighbors. That their efforts have too often

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been unfruitful must be attributed to a lack of organization. The difference between the South and North is this, according to a brilliant colored observer—the Southerner sympathizes with *a* negro, but not *the* negro; the North with *the* negro, but not *a* negro.

Education, though not a panacea, is the first and most practical question, but the American's idea of education is curiously inelastic. He thinks it well to adopt the same methods with the Filipino, for instance, as with the boy from Ohio or the negro from Georgia. It is curious in this connection to see how history repeats itself. The suffrage, with education to follow, was to fit the negro for American citizenship. The same method, slightly adapted, is to fit the Filipino for self-government. Unfortunately for the white man, he cannot assume and reject responsibility at will, nor can he, by arbitrary methods, break down the intellectual and moral barriers imposed by race and evolution. He will only make bad Americans out of fairly good black or brown men. It is not so much education which is at fault, as the attempt to make all education fit in with American ideas, and with the theory that each child is a full-blown American citizen. The American negro is pitchforked into a machine little adapted for his mental or moral needs and he suffers accordingly. The tendency is to condense and compress, to force the bright intellects at the expense of the dull ones, and to make the discipline as light as possible. The negro who goes to a mixed school in the North has to keep pace with children of a very different mental calibre, or to drop hopelessly behind. In the colored schools of the South, taught by colored teachers, he has still to contend with a false standard—false, because it aims at making him the equal in mental attainment of white children, instead of endeavoring to bring out the best sides of his own character? Too often, indeed, the elaborate method of teaching involved by the American system breaks down utterly and becomes a farce, because of inefficient equipment of country schools and the superficial attainments of teachers. In this case the last state of that negro is worse than the first, and he would have been far better off in an old-fashioned village school, where the acquisition of a little reading and writing would not have prevented him from realizing his ignorance, and a frequent application of the stick might have improved his manners.

It has been said that to treat the negro frankly as an alien race would be the wisest course. This would involve separate schools,

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specially adapted to the wants of the race, in which strictest account should be taken of the fact that the average negro child has neither heredity nor home influence at the back of him. It must also be remembered that the negro child develops quickly at first, and then seems to stagnate. All these things are in favor of separate schools with a carefully specialized system, but do not eliminate the white element from the school staff. In connection with this it may be mentioned that, at present, there are 99,000 white teachers, compared with 27,746 colored teachers, employed in colored schools; but the class of teachers is inferior and there is the authority of a white lady who worked in a missionary school in the South that it is difficult to get a good class of female teachers, since they are practically ostracised by their fellow-countrywomen because of their connection with the negroes. Such a condition as this should certainly cease to exist.

There is no reason why this school system should not be adjusted so that the bright and ambitious negro could pass on to normal school and to college or university if he wished,—for a career should be open to the superior man; and the character training through which he must first pass would tend to eradicate the faults of superficiality and egotism of which the college-bred negro is sometimes accused.

A great many people believe that industrial training alone can work the regeneration of the negro, and the good results obtained at Hampton, Tuskegee and elsewhere are quoted in proof. Industrial training was one of the great factors in the negro's first rise from savagery, and it becomes a necessity under the present conditions of life. The writer is inclined to think that every negro boy or girl should be given an elementary manual training as much on account of its value in character formation as because of the technical skill acquired. The best of them should afterwards follow their individual bent in taking up industrial or higher school work, every encouragement being given to direct them to occupations for which the negro is specially adapted; but it must be remembered that the vast majority enjoy only a short school-life, and that it is their character, and not their mental attainments, which is the important factor to be considered. In all American public schools there is a tendency to cover too much ground, so that the quick-witted child—and the Anglo-American is peculiarly quick-witted—betrays a brilliance quite beyond his

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real knowledge. The whole aim and end of all negro training should be to make every boy or girl a better black, and not a closer imitation of a white. The training of teachers is one of the most important features in every educational scheme, and again it must be repeated that the teacher for colored schools needs a specialized training, and should be of the highest calibre.

There is no doubt that, in his present stage of evolution, the negro is at his best and is most valuable to the state when he remains on the land, employed in agriculture or field labor. Those who desire him to remain on the land should see to it that he is not debarred by so doing from advantages which he could obtain in cities. The condition of country schools in many districts of the South leaves much to be desired, and poverty has been an excuse; for, since the War, it has been difficult for many Southerners to educate their own children. But an era of prosperity has set in, and there should be an increase in educational facilities. The proportion of the money spent in the South since 1870 on education of white and black is about five to one. Only about 17 per cent. is spent on the negro public schools. The expenditure *per capita* of school population is 4.92 for the whites and 2.21 for the colored. And yet the training required by the latter is far more difficult and must be expensive if it is well done.

Throughout, the writer is strongly of the opinion that the control of schools, churches, institutions and every organization of social life should remain to a large extent in the possession of white men. This is indeed a field which calls for missionary enterprise. To teach, or preach, or organize among the negroes of a Southern State really requires more self-sacrifice than to go to China, and the tangible results of such a mission will certainly be far greater. In all missionary work it is the quality and not the quantity that tells, and nowhere more than in dealing with such a delicate situation as this.

It may be said that this course would reduce the openings for educated negroes while increasing their numbers, but this would not necessarily be the case. The increase in educational facilities would create more posts, while the higher standard of teaching power and specialized training required would decrease the number of eligible people. The aim and end of the education given, moreover, should be to create a class less superficial, and therefore more inclined to do thoroughly and well the tasks of housework

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or agriculture, and to acquire the technical skill and steadiness necessary for industrial occupations. We do not want more facilities for the exceptional negro, but for the average one—something that will reach that great black mass and move it as the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

The future of the American negro chiefly depends upon the American white man. His is the responsibility, his the loss or gain in proportion as the negro rises or falls. Great as is the work begun by individual negroes of altogether exceptional type, they cannot hope to wrestle with the problem without co-operation from the great bulk of the American nation. First, in all justice get rid of the idea that the negro cannot rise, that he is a helpless, hopeless, log, to be forever whirled about in the torrent of civilization. Then, be honest with him as with yourselves. Treat him as a man of alien race, unfitted in his present stage of evolution for self-government or the full rights of citizenship, but as a man, notwithstanding, not as a *tertium quid* between man and dog. Encourage him in his struggle upwards by a generous acknowledgment of his achievements, and by allowing him to glean, in a fair and open field, whatever his talents may entitle him to.

The black race is already segregating, and this has happened under a system which was supposed to take them bodily into the nation. A course such as that adopted in Jamaica, while it gives far fewer rights nominally, gives far more in reality, and creates a *modus vivendi* under which the two races can live amicably together. Results such as this are brought about less by legislation than by public sentiment. Education is necessary, but not *any* kind of education. Discipline is essential, and should be enforced by white teachers, preachers and controllers in every department to induce steadiness and thoroughness and discourage emotionalism. Above all the white man must be prepared to treat with sympathy and respect any negro who by his life and ability has earned those sentiments, and he must strive to open to such the doors of political and social advancement instead of slamming them in his face.

One circumstance makes the average American lethargic concerning this problem, and unwilling to make any sacrifice to aid its solution. Even the most sanguine feel that no real progress can be made in one generation, perhaps not in two. The children of the children brought up as the writer has indicated would per-

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haps be the first to show a real advance, and nowadays we care little to build for posterity. Well for some of us that our fathers were less selfish! Americans, however, with their supreme conviction that, while the countries of the Old World have reached their zenith, the United States is still in the first flush of manhood, ought to rise superior to this short-sighted view. Unless they do, they may pass from growth to decadence without touching maturity.

In conclusion, let us turn again to a rough summary of the situation. The future of the negro hangs in the balance. He cannot be transported, he will not be exterminated, if left alone he will retrograde and drag the white race down as well. There remains the single alternative—to elevate him, at all costs and in the face of every difficulty. The writer has endeavored to show, in a cursory way, what he considers the best lines on which this elevation should proceed; possibly there are other and better ones. All he wishes is to urge on the people of the United States the necessity for action in this matter. Individuals here and there are working on different lines and with varying success, but organization and united effort are wanting. Every State should have its system of negro development fully equipped, and all States should endeavor to bring their systems into unison.

A national problem of gigantic proportions and extreme difficulty, the future of the negro depends first on the creation of a national sentiment in favor of wiser and juster treatment, and then on the energy and ability with which that sentiment is translated into the practical task of elevating the black race.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

It is a hundred years since Emerson was born, and more than twenty years since he died; but, even now, the time has not come for an estimate of his just place among the literary and spiritual forces of the world. What we may say is, that he gave the first distinctively American impulse in literature, that he exercised an extraordinary influence in stimulating without maddening, and that the force he exerted has so far proved abiding. When Emerson died about the same time as Darwin, it was recognized everywhere that America and England had lost their most potent intellectual forces and their most shining intellectual glories. Emerson, however, was more than an intellectual leader. He was, and is, the spiritual guide of many thousands. It was recorded lately that the most reactionary and powerful of Russian statesmen kept always on the table beside him the Essays of Emerson, and referred to them as an oracle. I can testify to the mighty force with which he acted on the minds of young men in Scotland early in the sixties. The absence of a copyright convention between America and Great Britain had some good effects. Many in the old country who could not afford to buy the new books of Carlyle and Tennyson, were able to purchase the innumerable cheap reprints of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe and others. Young men, now in middle life, knew these authors from cover to cover, and lived by them. Very recently, a shilling edition of Emerson's Essays was published in England, and twenty thousand copies were sold at once. It is well worth while to review this great and distinctively American man of letters when the most glowing prophecies of American ascendency in the world are being fulfilled before our eyes.

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I.

There was an extraordinary unity and consistency in Emerson's career. He struck the key-note of all his writing in his essay on Nature, when he said:

"The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?"

This was Emerson's watchword from the beginning to the end. He did not disparage the past. Much of his work was done in making his people familiar with the great men, thoughts and deeds of other times and lands. His ancestors were not only Puritan but clerical, and he derived much from them. The Reverend Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Odell on the Ouse, in the time of Laud, had Mr. Emerson as his direct descendant. He was driven out of the country by Laud for his Nonconformist practices, and in middle life sold all his property and crossed the seas to New England, and founded the town of Concord. He was pious to the very core, and, like Mr. Emerson, he was a scholar. But with all his affection for the past, Emerson was a man of the new time and the New World, and he did what he could to throw an ideal radiance round his own country. He began by recognizing gladly the new facts brought to light by investigation. Indeed, like Tennyson, he anticipated them in a manner. His essay on Nature is prefaced by the significant lines:

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings.
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose.
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

It is true that 1830 was the year of the great debate on fixity of type between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, but there were only few among poets and philosophers who knew what had happened, though Goethe understood it well. Long after, Kingsley's attitude towards the new science was properly described as "fearless and helpless." From the start, Emerson turned a fearless and joyful face to every fresh discovery. Though not a scientific

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observer himself, he asked why America should not have a poetry and philosophy of nature. This attitude brought him the tribute of men like Professor Tyndall, who wrote in his copy of "Nature" "*Purchased by Inspiration.*"

But Emerson was loyal to all truth without loss of reverence. He never abandoned his faith in the supremacy of the divine in the world. This was a faith which could watch without dismay, indeed with eager sympathy, the progress of the intellect. For Emerson gave a mystic baptism to science. Said Tyndall:

"Not only is Emerson's religious sense entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, but all such discoveries he comprehends and assimilates. By Emerson, scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world."

It was fundamental with him that truth could be comprehended by intuition. The principles of Transcendentalism are to be felt as religious emotions, or grasped by the imagination as a poetic whole. They are not to be proved, neither are they to be set down in proportion as the articles of a creed. The truth comes to us not when we are critical, not when we are working, but when we are receptive and passive. The knowledge thus conveyed does not require to be defined. Its foundation need not be strengthened. If we enter the innermost temple of the Absolute, as Emerson says we can, we shall know that we have been there. To affirm the experience is our business. To affirm it in words that adorn it, was the task to which Emerson triumphantly addressed himself.

Bearing in mind Emerson's intense dislike of creeds in this age of the world, we may state his ruling intuitions. He affirmed the doctrine of the Over-Soul—that under the changing phenomena and below the jarring strife of atoms and men there lies a single First Cause; an infinite, eternal and perfect Substance; a divine noumenon of which earthly phenomena are manifestations. Nature and the soul alike are informed by it, and they are governed by the same laws. These laws are Progress and Righteousness. The whole world is an omen of good. If humanity places itself in right relations with God and nature, it must be purified and elevated. The more complete the surrender, the more perfect will be the peace. So long as man remains out of harmony with the Over-Soul, all things are hostile and incomprehensible. Emerson declined to affirm the personality of the Divine Substance,

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but he had no doubt that the nature of things was kind and righteous. Every soul was independent and self-determined, but bound to submit its selfish instincts to the universal law and thus become divine. When the soul opened itself to the Ideal, and admitted the inflowing of the Over-Soul, there was a tide of ecstasy —the human and the divine were merged. Optimism was but the direct inference from these propositions. Accepted frankly, they would result in a serene belief in the nature of things and the hopefulness of man's estate, and in a complete refusal to believe in the indifference and cruelty of the sum of things.

The doctrine of Transcendentalism bored Oliver Wendell Holmes and many others. It has been said that Holmes's monograph on Emerson is "The Natural History of the Wood Thrush by a Canary Bird." But it has been claimed for Transcendentalism that it is no American idiosyncrasy, no novel product of a virgin soil, but one of the oldest and proudest of human philosophies. It has been followed from its earliest records through Grecian speculation, through Neoplatonism, through the despairing nobility of Roman Stoicism, through mediæval Mysticism, through the mathematical arguments of Spinoza, through the orthodox shapings of Swedenborg, to the extreme philosophies of German Idealism. In Emerson, however, and in his true followers, there are distinctive notes. The most remarkable is the supremacy given to ethics, these ethics being practically the ethics of Christianity. In debates still carried on between ethical thinkers on practical questions, Emerson's vote would have gone always with the Christians. Emersonian, also, is the unfaltering and even exalted optimism in which Emerson lived and died. It will be seen that Transcendentalism has much in common with Christianity, especially on the ethical side. But from the Christianity of the Apostles and the Church it is sharply separated by its denial of the supernatural. The special claim of the Christian Religion is the claim to finality. "God . . . . hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son." "Once in the end of the world He appeared." These days are the last days. Christ is the last word of God. But Emerson denies miracle and denies also the finality of any book or any Redeemer.

"That the administration of eternity is final, that the God of revelation has seen cause to repent and botch up the ordinances of the God of nature, I hold it not only irreverent but impious in us to assume."

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To him all religions were alike imperfect and useful, and the wise man keeps his mind open and receptive to everything of good that floats by him from whatever source. It is degrading to depend wholly on the past.

"If a man claims to speak and know all God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not."

The fountain of inspiration was still flowing. The soul that kept itself quiet and expectant would receive light. So, better books than the Bible would be written, higher characters than the Christ would appear. "We, too, must write bibles to unite the heavenly and the earthly worlds." There can be no final teacher.

"The man has never lived who can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set any barrier on one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire."

Christ was one of many gifted spirits with whom the Over-Soul had direct communication. He was to be reverenced, but one day he would be estimated and set aside for another, while whatever was true in his words and acts would continue to live. Nobler prophets than Christ were yet to come in the eternal progress. Emerson speaks with reticence about Christ, but we may gather that he questioned the accuracy of the Gospel history in many parts, not merely the miracles, but also the record of the words. But even if criticism had accomplished its task in separating between the false and the true, Emerson would by no means have admitted that Christ was infallible. He looked for another.

I think some stress ought to be laid on Emerson's expectation of a Messiah. His attitude was almost Jewish. A Messiah was due from God. He would probably be an American Messiah. Americans must not miss him. Where would the Messiah be found? Emerson's study had convinced him that the Messiah would appear among the "cranks," so-called. "*None of the princes of this world knew.*" So he was amazingly tolerant to men like Bronson Alcott and Thoreau, women like Margaret Fuller and experiments like Brook Farm. He viewed them with an open and hopeful mind. The regeneration of the world, in his judgment, would come from some modern seer. And though he was keenly alive to the occasional absurdities in "The Dial"

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and its contributors, he was tolerant and more than tolerant. He would have smiled at the lady who inquired at a lecture, "Mr. Alcott, does Omnipotence abnegate attribute?" It is difficult to believe that he was not amused at the words with which "The Dial" ended: "Energize about the Hecatic sphere." But he was loyal for all that. No one valued Alcott so highly. He would listen to him when the rest had fled. Of Thoreau he said, "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty he will find a home." When Margaret Fuller died, he said, "My audience is gone." He made haste to welcome Walt Whitman, though it is said that his admiration of the poet abated. There is nothing more striking in the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson than their respective attitudes to the mild-eyed Buddhas who appeared from time to time. Carlyle had no patience with men like Alcott. Emerson saw all that Carlyle saw, but he saw deeper and farther. There is no correspondence between men of equal intellectual rank which shows so little intellectual sympathy. In the end of the day, the difference between Carlyle and Emerson was a difference of first principles. Carlyle was so deeply imbued with a belief in the depravity of the human race, that he ceased to have hope. Emerson never weakened in his optimism, neither was he discouraged by the appearance of many false Messiahs. He looked upon them as the inevitable precursors of the true Christ.

It follows that he practically disclaimed all finality, save for some foundation principles. There is nothing in his writing of the intense dogmatism on doubtful matters which has sent so many books on philosophy to the shelf. Those who lived through the period when Huxley and Tyndall seemed to dominate the intellectual world in England, will remember the calm assumption that the ways of thinking among scientific men in the latter part of the nineteenth century would endure forever. Emerson was always looking forward to the long future, and he knew very well that the centuries would bring innumerable changes. He held fast, however, to the truth of intuition, to the kindness and righteousness of the great First Cause. There was a day when American thinkers became concerned at Emerson's reliance on intuition. They complained that he set it in the place of thought; that he imagined that culture could come without work; that one's own insight could be defended without regard to facts and argu-

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ments. While they admitted that under the hands of the master the instrument worked not ill, and recalled Emerson's part in the great struggles of the time, they considered that much of the feeble talk of their own day and much of the lack of thorough, deliberate, careful, exact investigation, was due to the laziness and flimsiness of ill-instructed and slothful disciples. There is now no need to fear for the future of scientific research in America, and it may even seem as if the special work that Emerson did in the enforcement of the spiritual is more needed and more precious than ever before. Emerson warned us not to expect from research what research could never give. The world, he insisted, was too young, by some ages yet, to form a creed.

"Far be from me the impatience which cannot brook the supernatural and the vast. Far be from me the lust of explaining away all that appeals to the imagination and the great presentiments that haunt us. Willingly I, too, say 'Hail!' to the unknown, awful powers which transcend the ken of the understanding."

II.

From Emerson's thought comes his style; they cannot be criticised apart. His friend, Bronson Alcott, in a sketch of Emerson which shows true insight, says that his is a poet's, not a logician's, power. "He states, pictures, and sketches, he does not reason." His style is Runic, Orphic, mystical, aphoristic. He was himself passionately fond of condensation. Letter-writing he disliked as too plain and familiar. He did not marshal his sentences or order his thoughts to reach the desired end. One critic says that he was a lapidary and not an architect; another complains that many of his pages are abracadabra. He is severely condemned by Whately in his preface to Bacon's Essays, for his manifold transgression of rules. We may admit all this without the least compunction. He does sometimes "cast forth his ice like morsels." His utterances must stand or fall by themselves; they cannot be labelled and placed in pigeon-holes. His qualities were excellently defined by Carlyle, as "brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough to be irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as silent electricity goes." His phrases are "rammed with thoughts." It has been pointed out how he improved Tacitus by translating "*Praefulgebant eo ipso quod non visebantur,*" into "They glared

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through their absences." His was the power to turn a book into a page, a page into a phrase, and a phrase into a word.

His high imagination and his noble thought were enough to make his style peculiarly impressive and arresting, but it owes its special characteristics to the fact that he did not believe in system. He knew that the system-makers die. Who will ever reprint the works of Sir William Hamilton or John Stuart Mill? Are the prose writings of Matthew Arnold really alive? Emerson had no wish to found a school. He would not even accommodate himself to formulas. He would not narrow the play of his sympathy and the range of his activity. Philosophers who have a living power have won it by something which transcends system and is much more vital than the theories in which it is clothed. The world was too young for system; further, he was avowedly a pioneer. Though books were pleasant companions to him, they were neither counsellors nor intimates. No author was his master: he relied on his intuitions. Though very original, he would never have claimed originality, or tried to assert priority. His readers come to watch his method with the same keen delight with which his hearers watched it. Alcott tells us how in lecturing he would halt at a new paragraph till he contrived to find a key, unlock the drawer, pull it out and display the treasure.

III.

This immediately raises the question of his place as a poet. It is one of the few questions on which the best critical opinion is not perfectly unanimous, the others, perhaps, being whether Lord Lytton was a great novelist ("he is not a genius," said Emerson), and whether Mrs. Browning was a great poetess. Emerson's ambition was to be a poet. He said himself, in 1835:

> "I am born a poet, of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet. It is my nature and my vocation. My singing, to be sure, is very husky and for the most part in prose."

There should be little difficulty in deciding that his differentia was poetical, and in addition he aspired to verse, because "we may speak ideal truth in verse that we may not in prose." His prose passes often into high poetry and even into poetical form. The fine lines,

> "I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea
> Say, 'Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?'"

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were originally written in prose, without any thought of their rhythmical character. His own view of expression is instructive.

"God does not himself speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inferences, dark resemblances in objects lying around us."

He says, again, of poetry that:

"it teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity. It requires a splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce, and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due."

Emerson's poetry has been criticised with sufficient harshness. Matthew Arnold said that the whole body of Emerson's verse was not worth Longfellow's little poem "The Bridge." This indicated Arnold's limitations. Another critic has ranked his poetry with Carlyle's few rough verses, and has spoken of it as the attempt of a seeress to induce in herself the ecstacy which will not spontaneously visit her. But there is little doubt that Emerson is a great and admirable poet, and that this will be increasingly recognized. To compare his work with that of modern English poets is unprofitable. His affinities, as a poet, were Oriental rather than Western. No doubt his poetry is at variance with the ruling canons, but it remains, and they may not remain. He was a poet of the future, showing in their poetic aspect the great generalizations of science. It must be allowed that he fails in the constant felicity and certainty of expression which mark the highest, but many of his stanzas and short pieces are perfect in their form, and no one has had completer intimacy with nature as the world of beauty and the world of order. Among the least known and loveliest of his verses are these:

"If my darling should depart,
And search the skies for prouder friends,
God forbid my angry heart
In other love should seek amends.

"When the blue horizon's hoop
Me a little pinches here,
Instant to my grave I stoop,
And go find thee in the sphere."

And, as we shall see, his most secret thoughts are expressed under the veil of poetry.

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IV.

His pre-eminent sanity in the midst of cranks is the main secret of his attraction. Many who cannot follow his mysticism are drawn to him by that. He was, on one side of him, one of the shrewdest and coolest of Americans. From his works a book might easily be compiled on the conduct of life, which hard-headed business men would distribute among their employees. For example, what could be more practical than his handling of every-day difficulties in his essay on Power? He takes the case of a man hindered by lack of vital force. He tells him that he must concentrate; he must give mind, soul, heart and body to business. Next, he must have recourse to the power of use and routine.

"Six hours every day at the piano only to give facility of touch, and six hours a day at painting only to give command of the odious materials, oil, ochres and brushes. The masters say that they know a master in music only by seeing the pose of the hands on the keys—so difficult and vital an act is the command of the instrument."

He never praises the superficial success, the vulgar hero. It would be impossible to exaggerate the stress he lays on conduct, his patient appeal to the nobler imagination, his constant setting forth of the eternal beauty of the Platonic Ideal.

"The next age will behold God in the ethical laws. The eternal creative and informing force is itself moral and ideal. The moral life is not something into which we drift. It is that whereto we are sent. The moral life is the centre, the genesis and the commanding fact. Morality, then, is the conscious adoption of the Universal as the controlling presence of the Universal in the individual."

"But love me then and only, when you know
Me for the channel of the rivers of God
From deep, ideal, fontal heavens that flow."

He saw in the future a new church based on moral science. It would be at first cold and naked—a babe in a manger again. The church of men would come without shawms or psaltery, or sackbut, but it would have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration, and it would fast enough gather beauty, music, pictures and poetry. When the mind of man was illuminated, he would throw himself joyfully into the sublime order and become with knowledge what the stones do by structure.

Emerson has been highly and justly valued for the singular

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insight of his literary judgment. Those who care little for his Transcendentalism, and think that his chin is in the air whenever he speaks of the greater religions, recognize his royal and certain perception of character and genius. Many of his sentences ring like oracles, as when he says of Goethe, "His affections help him like women employed by Cicero to worm out the secrets of conspirators;" and when he says in his English Traits, "The great men of England are singularly ignorant of religion." He is never rude or scornful or arrogant. A native and inalienable benignity characterizes all his judgments, but to the moral idea he is ever faithful. To him genius in man is the Godhead in distribution. Genius is religion, and all the great ages have been ages of faith. "In the voice of genius I hear invariably the moral tone, even when it is disowned in words." Of course he is sometimes in error, as when he says that Shelley is never a poet though he is always poetical in mind; but his lapses are much less frequent than those of Matthew Arnold.

I think it must be admitted that Emerson deliberately shunned the darker aspects of life. He did not face the problem of sin. He has little to say of sorrow, and is far poorer in pathos than his friend Carlyle. Christians may still claim that theirs is the only religion that has effectually measured its strength with sin, sorrow and death. Emerson would have replied to this criticism that he was not a system builder, and that he was not called on to deal with every subject. Perhaps something more may be said. The great griefs of his own life were those of bereavement. His cries after the loss of wife and child, coming from a nature so controlled and calm, are strangely memorable. Other troubles he did not seem to fear. Drudgery, calamity and want, he said, were instructors in eloquence and wisdom; but he never forgot the loss of his little son, and almost his last words were, "Oh, that beautiful boy!" He deeply pondered bereavement as the antagonist to happiness; and, if I am not altogether mistaken, the inner meaning of his poetry is, that human beings should not too deeply engage their affections in a world like this.

> "Space is ample, east and west,
> But two cannot go abreast,
> Cannot travel in it two."

The last word of his hidden wisdom is in the lines:

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"Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved."

In his last days, like Carlyle, he talked of meeting his dear ones where there is no parting. The approximation to Christianity indicated by such hopes is of the closest kind, and is quite inconsistent with much that Emerson and Carlyle steadfastly taught. As for immortality, he refused to speak clearly. In his youth, writing to John Sterling, then on his death-bed, he said:

"Each of us more readily faces the issue alone than on account of his friend. We find something dishonest in learning to live without friends, while death wears a sublime aspect to each of us."

Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, was incurious. It was so well that it was sure it would be well. It directed no question to the Supreme Power. The teachings of the High Spirit were abstemious and in regard to particulars negative. But Emerson knew that the soul might be well employed and yet not well, and that for its deepest wound there is but one cure.

V.

The man behind the books, in Emerson's case, was as noble as the noblest of his words. There was no discrepancy between his teaching and his character. From the beginning to the end there is consistent witness to his gracious spiritual charm, his regal suavity, his magnanimity, his patience, his high strain of thought and feeling, his obedience to the heavenly vision. His home life was one of gentle and harmonious peace. "He was," said Henry James, Sr., "a liberal, divine presence in the house." Harriet Martineau said of him: "His most transient guests owe to him their experience of what the highest grace of domestic manner may be." Emerson was nobly faithful to his convictions in the great conflict with slavery. So early as 1844, when the temper of the abolitionists was sufficiently fierce, and they refused even to recognize half converts, they always acknowledged Emerson as their own. In 1864 he wrote:

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"I shall always respect the war hereafter. The loss of life, the dreary havoc of comfort and time, are overpaid by the vistas that open to eternal life and eternal law, reconstructing and uplifting society."

The author of "Mark Rutherford" tells us that, when Emerson was last in England, he asked him who were his chief friends in America. He replied:

"I find many among the Quakers. I know one simple old lady, in particular, whom I specially honor. She said to me, 'I cannot think what you find in me worth notice!' Ah!" continued Mr. Emerson, "if she had said 'yea' and the whole world had thundered 'nay' in her ear, she would still have said 'yea.'"

That was why he honored her.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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THE MODERN SCHOOL OF NATURE-STUDY AND ITS CRITICS.

BY DR. WILLIAM J. LONG, AUTHOR OF "SCHOOL OF THE WOODS," "BEASTS OF THE FIELD," ETC.

Two things should be borne in mind if one would understand the present interest in Nature-study, or classify the large number of books which minister to that interest:

First, the study of Nature is a vastly different thing from the study of Science; they are no more alike than Psychology and History. Above and beyond the world of facts and law, with which alone Science concerns itself, is an immense and almost unknown world of suggestion and freedom and inspiration, in which the individual, whether animal or man, must struggle against fact and law to develop or keep his own individuality. It is a world of *appreciation,* to express it in terms of the philosophy of Professor Royce, rather than a world of *description.* It is a world that must be interpreted rather than catalogued, for you cannot catalogue or classify the individuality for which all things are struggling. Here the "flower in the crannied wall" is analyzed, indeed, but not according to the principles of Gray's Manual; "the eagle that stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, and beareth them on her wings," sweeps into our hearts without the might of a Latin name added; and the "poor, cowerin', timorous beastie" runs away and leaves us with a question that cannot be answered by telling us whether this mother mouse belongs to the long-tailed or jumping variety. This upper world of appreciation and suggestion, of individuality interpreted by individuality, is the world of Nature, the Nature of the poets and prophets and thinkers. Though less exact, it is not less but rather more true and real than Science, as emotions are more real than facts, and love is more true than Economics—

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"Und wenn Natur Dich unterweist
Dann geht die Seelenkraft Dir auf,
Wie spricht ein Geist zum andern Geist."

That is the word which Goethe, himself a scientist and philosopher, put into the mouth of Faust, a man who knew all the sciences, but who cried out for the life of Nature. "I study facts and law; they are enough," says the scientist. "We know the tyranny of facts and law too well," answer the nature-students. "Give us now the liberty and truth of the spirit."

Let me illustrate this difference clearly and simply by reference to two animals that I have followed, under difficulties, for many years. They are the beaver and the otter, both wonderful swimmers, more at home in the water than on the land. The beaver uses only his hind feet in swimming; the otter, except when playing on the surface, uses only his forefeet for the same purpose; when chasing a trout under water, the hind legs are trailed behind him with his tail. Why this difference in two powerful swimmers of the same waters? Again, both these animals are unusually peaceable at all seasons. Of all the wood-folk that mind their own business, the beaver is the most exemplary; and the otter, though a powerful fighter and belonging to the quarrelsome weasel family, is gentle and playful, lets the other animals severely alone, and makes the most docile of pets when you catch him. Yet these two peaceable animals fight like Kilkenny cats whenever they cross each other's path. Why?

Science has no answer here. It is not her field; and long ago she classified both animals and finished with them. The work of the nature-student, on the other hand, has hardly more than begun. Following these shy animals summer and winter, entering into their struggles, he has learned to interpret how, in their dim way, they think and feel, and how their interests are bound to clash. And he understands perfectly both their swimming and their animosities; for he sees the individuality which the scientist, with other interests, must always miss.

In a word, the difference between Nature and Science is the difference between a man who loves animals, and so understands them, and the man who studies Zoology; it is the difference between the woman who cherishes her old-fashioned flower-garden and the professor who lectures on Botany in a college class-room.

The second thing to remember is this: that the field of natural

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history has changed rapidly of late, and in the schools and nature clubs the demand is for less Science and more Nature. Formerly, the writer of natural history, working on the scientific plan, simply catalogued his facts and observations. Animals were assumed to be creatures of instinct and habit. They were described in classes, under the assumption that all animals of the same class are alike. Style and living interest were both alike out of place; for it was, and still is, asserted that a personal interest destroys the value of an observation.

The modern nature-student has learned a different lesson. He knows that animals of the same class are still individuals; that they are different every one, and have different habits; that they are not more alike than men and women of the same class, and that they change their habits rapidly—more so, perhaps, than do either governments or churches—when the need arises. When a student at the Theological Seminary, I watched a toad that lived under the stone door-step. Now, toads are not supposed to have much individuality; yet, though I have watched toads since I was a child, when I made pets of them, I recorded a dozen things of this one toad that I had never seen before, and that have never been observed, so far as I know, by any other naturalist.

The truth is, that he who watches any animal closely enough will see what no naturalist has ever seen. This is the simple secret of the wonderful cat story, or the incredible dog story, to be heard in almost every house. It means that, after you have catalogued dogs perfectly, you still have in every dog a new subject with some new habits. Every boy who keeps a pet has something to tell the best naturalist. Every audience to which I have ever lectured on animals has brought forward at least a dozen men and women, each with a true animal story that seems incredible. In the State of Maine alone I have talked with at least fifty different guides and trappers. They all follow the same classes of animals, yet every guide has a different record of the habits of those animals, and nearly every one of them has at least three or four animal stories that would not be believed if they were printed. That is not because they lie; for I have found them to be truthful and reliable men mostly; and, since their success as guides and hunters is at stake, they are keen to listen and learn about animals. The truth is, that they have discovered unconsciously the secret of animal individuality, which the old

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natural-history writers have missed; they see different habits, simply because they follow different animals in different localities.

For over twenty years, I have gone every season deep into the woods; have lived alone with the animals for months at a time; have followed them summer and winter with old Indians whose whole lives have been spent in hunting and trapping; have lain all night in my canoe or slept in the snow alone on their trail, that I might not lose the lesson of their awaking. Moreover, I have camped and tramped with a score of trappers, keen men whose eyes see everything and whose knowledge of animals is fatal in its accuracy. I have gone fifty miles out of my course to interview some famous old Indian or hunter, and ask for his verification or denial of my own observations. I have questioned these men about animals; have listened to them when, lying beside me on the same blanket after sharing my bread and fire, they spoke simply and spoke the truth as to what they had observed. And one result of all this watching and listening is this: that there is, for me at least, absolutely no limit to the variety and adaptiveness of Nature, even in a single species. If you cannot find two leaves alike on the same elm-tree, you certainly cannot write a list of habits that will cover even two animals perfectly, with their wild free life and their individuality struggling to express itself amidst a hundred dangers and unknown problems. When we consider the marvellous life of the bee and the ant and the water-spider, the wonder is, not that we have seen so much, but rather that we have seen so very little, of the more highly developed and individualized animals. There is another result also, namely this: that no animal story told me as a fact by an honest man will leave me incredulous; for in my note-books there are more incredible things written that I have seen myself, but that I have not dared to print until the observation shall have been confirmed. And this experience is true of many other naturalists who have written or spoken to me on the subject.

Sometimes the confirmation comes in unexpected ways. Years ago, when a small boy, I watched two orioles building their nest. The twig upon which they hung it forked too widely to suit them. They deliberated plainly upon the matter; then they brought up a twig from the ground, laid it across the forks, and tied it there with strings as a third support to the nest. Moreover, when they tied the strings, they took the ends in their beaks and hung their

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weight upon them so as to draw the knots tight. For twenty-five successive years I watched other orioles building, to see if this astonishing bit of calculation should be repeated. Then, last spring, two orioles built in a buttonwood tree, after having been driven away from their favorite elm by carpenters. They wanted a swinging nest, but the buttonwood's branches were too stiff and straight; so they fastened three sticks together on the ground in the form of a perfectly measured triangle. At each angle they fastened one end of a cord, and carried the other end over and made it fast to the middle of the opposite side. Then they gathered up the loops and fastened them by the middle, all together, to a stout bit of marline; and their staging was all ready. They carried up this staging and swung it two feet below the middle of a thick limb, so that some leaves above sheltered them from sun and rain; and upon this swinging stage they built their nest. The marline was tied once around the limb, and, to make it perfectly sure, the end was brought down and fastened to the supporting cord with a reversed double-hitch, the kind that a man uses in cinching his saddle. Moreover, the birds tied a single knot at the extreme end lest the marline should ravel in the wind. The nest hangs above my table now, the reward of a twenty-five years' search; but not one in ten of those who see it and wonder can believe that it is the work of birds, until in the mouths of two or three witnesses who saw the matter every word has been established.

There is one other thing that the modern nature-writer has learned, namely, that in this, as in every other field of literature, only a book which has style can live. And style is but the unconscious expression of personality. Not only may the personal element enter into the new nature-books; it must enter there if we are to interpret the facts truthfully. Every animal has an individuality, however small or dim; that is certain. (I know not how much farther one may safely go in the line of Leibnitz's philosophy and find the development of individuality below the animal). And the nature-student must seek from his own individuality, which is the only thing that he knows absolutely (this is the centre of the philosophy of both Hume and Descartes) to interpret truthfully and sympathetically the individual before him. For this work he must have not only sight but vision; not simply eyes and ears and a note-book; but insight, imagination, and,

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above all, an intense human sympathy, by which alone the inner life of an animal becomes luminous, and without which the living creatures are little better than stuffed specimens, and their actions the meaningless dance of shadows across the mouth of Plato's cave.

With these general considerations in mind, it is a simple matter to estimate Mr. Burroughs's astounding criticism in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Aside from the unwarranted personal attacks, which those who like him best will most deplore, the article has two evident faults that destroy the force of his criticism: (1) it overlooks entirely the individuality of animals and the adaptiveness of nature; (2) it weighs the universe with the scales of his own farm and barnyard. What the animals do there is the absolute measure and limit of what they will do in the Maine wilderness and the Canadian Rockies. From the mice and woodchucks of his pasture, where he is at home, he affirms what is true and false of the bear and caribou of the great forest where he has never been. One must deny at the outset the very grounds of his opposition.

These two faults are glaringly manifest in Mr. Burroughs's specific denials and assertions. He accuses Mr. Thompson-Seton of deliberate falsehood and misrepresentation, on the sole ground that he himself has not seen the things recorded and that, therefore, they cannot be true. Frankly, I differ radically from Mr. Thompson-Seton in many of his theories and observations of animals. That is either because I have seen less, and less sympathetically, than he has, or because I have watched bears and wolves with different individual habits. But Mr. Thompson-Seton is a gentleman. When he tells me that he has seen a thing that is new and wonderful to me, though I know his animals well as a class, I shall simply open my own eyes wider, and question Indian hunters more closely, to know whether his observation is in error, or whether he saw some peculiar trait of some one animal, or whether the same thing has been seen by others in different places. For me to question his veracity, and deny what he has seen because I have not seen it, would be simply to show my own lack of courtesy, and arouse suspicion that I might be jealous of his hard-won and well-deserved success.

Mr. Burroughs denies, for instance, Mr. Thompson-Seton's record of a fox jumping on a sheep's back. He calls it pure in-

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vention, and assures us authoritatively that it never happened. Yet in my notes, among fifty other fox traits, is the record of a fox that did just that trick, in Boothbay, Maine, in 1887. This is the record: I was following a fox one day when I saw some sheep scatter suddenly; and, knowing that the fox was there, I ran down, calling-on the hound. There was soft snow on the ground, and every track in the field was plain as a footpath. A fox-trail came down to where the sheep were standing and ended there; nor was there any further track that my own eyes or the hound's nose could discover. On the other side of the field I found the fox track again beside that of a frightened sheep. It began there, with no back track; and it was as certain as if seen and photographed that the fox had crossed on the sheep's back. No other way, except to fly or to jump a hundred yards, was possible.

Concerning Mr. Thompson-Seton's crow story, Mr. Burroughs is equally sure that it is largely falsehood; "for," says he, "crows do not flock in June. They flock only in September." Possibly this is true in Mr. Burroughs's own neighborhood. Elsewhere they are apt to flock at all seasons, and are always more or less gregarious. I have seen three or four hundred at once on the Chatham (N. B.) beaches in early July. On the island of Nantucket they even nest in flocks, contrary to their usual custom; and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts assures me this is also true in his home woods.

After denying Mr. Thompson-Seton's crow story, Mr. Burroughs tells one or two of his own. He tells us that crows in starvation times share their food with one another. He tells us of three crows that came, one winter day, to ask alms at his cabin; that he took them out food, and they came and ate it. This seems to me a much more incredible story than those he denies. Suppose we apply to it his own canons of criticism. We mete out to him the same measure of courtesy that he measures to his fellow naturalist; and we say: "This is deliberate falsehood. He made up that story and called it truth because he wanted to sell his books. We have seen starving animals from Maine to Florida, and they always fight for the biggest portions; we have seen crows in our orchard in winter, and they always fly away at our approach. It is a pretty story, but he should end it with the little sentence which is often found in parenthesis at the end of a long and elaborate Arabic manuscript: '*This is a lie*'!"

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If we were so to criticize this story of his, and a score of others in his books, he himself would be the first to see how unjust, how inaccurate, and how arrogant was our criticism. Yet this is precisely the argument and the only argument he uses: "How could these upstart naturalists possibly see what Wallace and Darwin did not see?" he demands, authoritatively. And the answer is simple: Neither Darwin nor Wallace ever studied animals in this way. Their work was of a totally different kind. And these later naturalists follow different animals, with Indian hunters who know a thousand times more of the details of these animals' lives than Darwin or Wallace could possibly know. "How could Darwin see or dare to see what the great Cuvier had not seen?" we might ask with equal force. "How could Audubon see so many things that no one else had ever seen, and record twenty other things that we now know were mistakes?" Simply because they dared to write what they saw, not what they were expected to see by the self-constituted authorities. And it is sad to remember that they also were vilified and insulted for their observations.

Mr. Burroughs treats my own books, and especially "School of The Woods," with even scanter courtesy. He sweeps aside all the recorded facts of twenty years' patient observation. He has not seen these things on his farm, and therefore they must be false. The working theories, which alone seem to me to account for the facts, are denied *ex cathedra*. He denies absolutely that there is such a thing as a mother animal teaching her young. The answer to this is, not to accept any theory, but simply to open your eyes and see what goes on with wild mother-birds and animals as they lead their young out into the world. He gives the lie direct to the kingfisher that put minnows into a shallow pool for her young to catch, and to the fishhawk that wounded a fish in order that her young might learn how to strike it. Dr. Philip Cox, the best ichthyologist in Canada, found a new species of fish that the fishhawks had stored in a pool in just this way; and Mr. Mauran Furbish, who probably knows more of the New Brunswick wilderness than any other man, has told me since my book was written that he had seen the same thing. Moreover, the wild mother-sheldrakes to be seen on every wilderness lake often use this method to teach their little ones how to catch trout.

Mr. Burroughs declares absolutely—and here he is a type of the old school—that animals know no such thing as learning.

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"All animals do exactly and instinctively what their parents did," he affirms. How, then, are there any domestic animals? Why does the tame canary sing, while a wild canary or one brought up in solitude only chirps and twitters? How is a sheep-dog possible to-day, since his parents of yesterday ate the sheep?

He denies the absence of fear on the part of young fawns and moose. It is a little hard, but still only just, to point out here that his criticism is valueless, for he has no knowledge or experience of these creatures. He also forgets that early explorers in the Arctic found most of the animals, and especially the caribou, quite tame and fearless of men. Since then they have learned fear; but it is a denial of every theory of Weissmann and Wallace to assert that the young can so soon inherit this fear. How, then, shall the young learn it except they be taught? The Hon. E. L. Scofield, Insurance Commissioner of Connecticut, had an experience with fawns in the Adirondacks precisely similar to that recorded in "School of The Woods"; and Mr. E. W. Deming, the artist, who knows the western animals as well as do the Indians whom he paints so splendidly, will tell him the same thing of elk and mountain sheep.

The critic denies my partridge story, a faithful record of what passed under my eyes one September day two years ago, on the curious ground that a partridge cannot count eleven. A very small grain of imagination here (imagination is good, even for a naturalist) might suggest that it may not be necessary to count in Arabic numerals. Among others of my congregation on a Sunday morning are some two or three hundred faces that I know well. A glance down is often enough to show me that one face is missing—and I never count the congregation. Over the way, my neighbor had a motherly old hen with a dozen or more chickens. I used often to watch her in the twilight clucking her brood under her wings. Just a glance as they come together, and she clucks again anxiously. She has missed one; and here he comes running from under the coop where he has been hiding. Possibly I could accept Mr. Burroughs's decree that no bird can count more than five, without asking how he knows; but, even so, I must believe my eyes, and give this old hen and the partridge credit for a bit of my own intuition. The point is, not that they counted eleven, but that they missed one whom they knew, and who was probably dear to them.

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The critic, after denying what may be seen on a hundred wilderness lakes every summer, namely, a fishhawk teaching her young to strike fish, demands how I can know that the young left to themselves without the mother's teaching would probably go back to the old hawk habit of hunting. I answer: partly from a general knowledge of birds of prey; partly from specific experience. A boy whom I knew well* had a young fish hawk that he took from a nest. Fish being scarce, he fed him mostly on scraps of meat and small animals. The moment he could use his wings the fishhawk swooped for a chicken. He never, so long as I watched him, tried to fish, but caught squirrels and chickens in true hawk fashion till he took a neighbor's setting hen from her eggs, one day, and was cudgelled to death as a nuisance.

On the subject of the red squirrel, Mr. Burroughs takes me to task for ignorance because I saw a red squirrel carrying some small chestnuts in his cheeks. "That is the word of a false witness," he says, "trying to mislead a jury." For red squirrels have no cheek-pouches like the chipmunks. Yet Mr. Burroughs must know well that red squirrels—and, indeed, all rodents from mice to musquash—will, in carrying grain or small objects, stuff their mouths and cheeks full, as if to remind Nature of the pouches she forgot to give them. It is possible, also, that at one time the red squirrel had pouches; but he no longer stores a winter's supply, and so his gifts have been taken away from him by long disuse, and only a shadowy memory of them remains.

Further analysis of the critic, and of those who, like him, regard animals only as creatures of instinct and fixed habit, would be superfluous. There are more things in heaven and earth, and in the heart of the wild things, evidently, than are seen on Mr. Burroughs's farm or dreamed of in his philosophy. Many will remember his cutting criticism of the poets† in which he ridicules Lowell for having buttercups and dandelions in the same field, and Bryant for giving fragrance to the yellow violet, and both poets for many other things which they had seen. Yet the poets were perfectly right; and Mr. Burroughs's quarrel was with the Almighty, not with the servants who did but interpret His works.

* The same boy who caught the silver fox that played possum. He followed me a hundred miles up the worst river in Canada from a pure passion for the woods.

†*Scribner's Monthly*, December, 1879.

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Thomas Wentworth Higginson showed* how arrogant and inaccurate was this whole criticism; but, though the article was modified in its book-form, it still takes the poets to task most unjustly for seeing many things as they are. The fault was, not that Mr. Burroughs did not know his buttercups, but that he overlooked the fact that his farm does not set bounds to the universe, and that the New England fields raised a crop of their own, of whose habits, even of whose species, he was unwittingly quite ignorant.

Indeed, whenever Mr. Burroughs leaves his own field for criticism, those of us who have been most delighted with what he has seen and recorded there will most regret his limitations. One recalls his harsh criticism of Maurice Thompson, a scholar and a gentleman, anent the classics. But how shall a man criticise the classics who does not read them? One remembers his criticism of Victor Hugo, in which, to borrow the great writer's own figure, "he confounds the constellations of profundity with the stars which a duck's feet leave in a puddle." One reads this arbitrary criticism of modern nature-writers, in which he hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted them of low degree. No mention of Rowland Robinson, every one of whose pages is like a clear photograph; no allusion to Dr. Lockwood, the friend of Agassiz, who of all the nature-writers that America has produced was best fitted to write her natural history, and who, in his lectures and notes, has recorded more marvels of animal life than all the rest of us put together. He commends White, who is invariably dry as a stuffed owl, and has no word for Jefferies, who is fresh and inspiring as a morning in the English fields with the hawthorn all ablow. And as to those whom he foreordains and elects, one must take even more exceptions, and say frankly: this is not the voice of authority, as it was meant to be. For, in a word, criticism is not dogmatism. It is not bald assertion or denial: "this is so, sir, and that is false, upon my word and authority." Criticism is an art with a continuous historical development; and he who would criticise must first learn courtesy, and then he must understand the canons of criticism that prevail from Homer to Heine and from Bede to Balzac.

WM. J. LONG.

* *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1880.

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WHY GERMANY STRENGTHENS HER NAVY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

WHAT is the central fact, the leading motive in connection with the re-establishment of a German fleet?

Germany is geographically wedged in between two great military and naval Powers, which are now in close alliance. One of these, France, has for more than four hundred years made war upon Germany under royal, republican and imperial governments. These wars were undertaken, as her own historian, Henri Martin, approvingly stated, for obtaining possession of the Rhine frontier. When France was successful, she even annexed German territory beyond the Rhine. This was done as early as the time of Louis XIV. The French theory then was that the plain between the Black Forest and the right bank of the Rhine was part of France's strategical region, and that it must, therefore, come into her possession. Under Napoleon I., vassal French kingdoms and principalities were set up beyond the Rhine, and his Empire was extended to Lübeck on the Baltic. The so-called Rhenish League was pushed up to Mecklenburg and Saxony, near the Russian frontier. The whole of Germany was then simply cut into pieces.

So much for Germany's western neighbor. Of Russia it is well known that the military and bureaucratic ring which practically disposes of what is called the system of autocracy looks with an evil eye upon the new condition of Germany. The aim of that ring is still the acquisition of universal empire for Russia, both in Europe and in Asia. Hence, whatever may be its attitude for the moment, it does not easily brook the existence of any strong Power in close contiguity to the European and Asiatic dominions of the Czar. The alliance of Russia with France is the result of that

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feeling and of those ambitious aspirations. They are directed against England in Asia and, eventually, against Germany.

Now look at the Muscovite Empire with its 130,000,000 inhabitants, among them many barbarous, warlike tribes. On a peace footing, Russia keeps nearly 900,000 men; on a war footing, she is reckoned to be able to raise 3,500,000, not counting the reserves. Though her commercial fleet is quite insignificant, owing to the comparatively small bulk of her trade, her navy is not far from being twice as large as that of Germany. Whilst I am writing this, Russia's annual budget of 98,318,000 rubles, as it was in 1902, is augmented in a supplementary way by 17,000,000 rubles, according to the latest report of the Finance Minister, Mr. Witte.

France, on her part, keeps nearly 600,000 men under arms. On a war-footing she can raise more than 3,000,000 men. Her navy is far larger than that of her eastern neighbor. It is larger, although Germany leads her as well as Russia as regards the merchant fleet. First in rank comes England, with her commercial fleet of 14,373,000 tons; then comes the United States of America, with upwards of 5,552,000 tons; then the German Empire, with 2,720,000 tons; then Norway and Sweden, with 2,338,000; then, only, France with 1,401,000.

Now look at the massing of Russian troops on Germany's eastern and at the massing of French troops on Germany's western frontier, where, since the war of 1870-71, France has also established a very strong iron girdle of fortresses. If I could give here the diagrams which I have before me, showing the comparative proportions of Russian, French and German troops on the two frontiers, the most confirmed antagonist of Germany would have to acknowledge that there is good reason why Germany should be on her guard.

II.

Nevertheless, all England, barring a few men of juster feeling, has recently rung with cries of alarm against what some speakers call the "big" German fleet, which is said to be a danger to England. Answering some of these alarmists in public, I said I would put it to any sensible Englishman, whether, if his country had gone through the same dread experiences as Germany, he would not take a lesson from that history. Germany has had the Thirty Years' War, when foreign armies from various parts of Europe desolated the Fatherland in bloody struggles, at the end

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of which its population was found to be reduced to one-third of its former numbers. She has had the wars of Louis XIV., which turned flourishing German provinces into a howling wilderness. She has had the wars of Napoleon I., through whose insatiable ambition Germany as a nation ceased for a while politically to exist. She has had the terrible Franco-German war, when a French fleet, fortunately inefficient at that time, appeared in the German Ocean, whilst there was scarcely such a thing in existence as a German navy.

To-day both France and Russia possess large war-fleets; the former having 493 vessels with 3,739 guns; the latter, 405 vessels with 2,613 guns; together, 898 vessels with 6,352 guns; and Germany has only 281 vessels with 2,736 guns, as against those of the two Powers between which she is closed in, and by whom she may be attacked both in the German Ocean and in the Baltic, as well as on land, in a war in which she would have to defend herself upon two fronts. Is Germany, in such a state of things, to keep herself open to the gravest dangers, merely for the sake of disproving the utterly unwarranted suspicions of the greatest naval Power of the earth?

In order to show the enormous disparity between the German and British fleets, the Kaiser recently presented to the Reichstag a table or diagram showing the comparative naval strength of the two countries in battle-ships, fully-armored cruisers, and cruisers with deck-armor only. The figures were as follows:

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 35; Germany, 8.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 12; Germany, 2.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 66; Germany, 12.
In reserve: Battle-ships—Great Britain, 7; Germany, 4.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 2; Germany, 0.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 43; Germany, 5.

TOTALS IN CLASS.

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 42; Germany, 12.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 14; Germany, 2.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 109; Germany, 17.

VESSELS BUILDING.

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 12; Germany, 6.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 20; Germany, 3.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 8; Germany, 6.

In presence of these figures, who could dream of the so-called "big" fleet of Germany being a danger to England? Evidently,

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the Kaiser wanted to show the utter absurdity of such fears. But no sooner had this official statement been published than writers and speakers in England were again active with strange denunciations. It was then declared that the table and diagram in question had been drawn up, not for the purpose of allaying groundless fears, but with the scarcely veiled object of spurring on the German people to still larger naval preparations.

III.

I can speak on this subject with perfect impartiality. My opinions as to the present mode of government in Germany—in fact since the days of the overthrow of the great national movement for freedom and unity in 1848-49—are tolerably well-known, else I would not have lived the better part of my life as an exile from my native country. The second home of myself and my family has for many years been in England, and, naturally, I have England's welfare at heart. I say with perfect conviction, therefore, that the denunciations in question are as unjust as they are uncalled for, so far as Germany is concerned. If England sees fit to increase her own navy and to re-organize her army, well and good; that is her affair. Those who urge measures of that kind may point to possible or probable dangers from Russia, as Mr. Balfour, the Premier, has recently done, or from Russia's French ally, or from both. Constantinople, Afghanistan, Persia, India, Egypt, might be indicated as points of peril to a world Power which rules the fifth part of the habitable globe, and which has not a few dissatisfied populations under its dominion at home and abroad. To take due note of this condition—that is England's affair.

As to Germany, can any reasonable man expect that she should bare her breast to great perils, not looming in the distance, but most closely threatening her in the immediate neighborhood? Germans know too well, from sad experience, what the want or the decay of naval power has cost their Fatherland. Germany once had, that is to say in the north of the country, the famed Maritime League of Free Towns—the Hansa. It held sway in the German Ocean and the Baltic, and was able, nearly five hundred years ago, to send out a war-fleet of 248 ships with a crew of 12,000 men. For centuries, this flourishing League existed, bringing wealth to the nation and establishing security for the

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country's coasts. Our King-Emperors, unfortunately, gave no support to the Hansa. Their thoughts were ambitiously turned toward Italy. Our lesser princelings, originally mere officials of the Empire subject to deposition, ever and anon strove during those harassing Italian struggles to undermine the power of the central authority, so as to make themselves, first, semi-sovereign and, finally, sovereign; thus tearing Germany into dynastic shreds and patches. The Hansa itself, being mainly ruled by the somewhat exclusive spirit of its patrician merchants, committed a serious fault. It drew a dividing line between northern and southern Germany, excluding from its membership the inhabitants of the latter part of the Fatherland. Its power was thus additionally weakened through narrow commercial considerations.

Chiefly owing to the want of support from the Empire and from the nation at large, the Hanseatic League gradually sank from its once distinguished position. When its strength had decayed, and Germany was distracted by the Thirty Years' War, that sucked out the very life-blood of the people, her coasts and the mouths of her great rivers became the easy prey of foreign attack. Thenceforth, thanks to dynastic policy, all security against invasion from the sea was gone.

IV.

Is it to be wondered at that, after the Napoleonic wars which had brought about the entire political disruption of Germany, the recollections of a nobler past and of later bitter experiences should have acted upon the minds of patriots, making them yearn for the restoration of naval strength and security. In the years before the revolution of 1848-49 that was the theme of Liberal and Republican leaders. It formed the burden of the enthusiastic song of poets, like Herwegh and Freiligrath, the prophetic bards of the coming national rising. In 1843, Freiligrath foresaw the black-red-gold banner (then the forbidden symbol of national unity, which was treated by our princes as a badge of high treason, for which many men had to undergo cruel imprisonment) waving from the masts of a German navy. The poet gave those ships of the future names from the circle of the celebrities, and from the history, of the Fatherland, such as "Hansa," "Luther," "Humboldt," "Goethe," "Schiller," "Arndt," and others. In the same lofty spirit, Herwegh's lays tried to rouse the nation.

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We all who then strove for a united Germany in the form of a democratic commonwealth agitated, before and during the revolution we had worked for, in favor of the establishment of a German fleet. When a national parliament came together at Frankfort, the demands of Liberals and Republicans, and the dream-like prophecies of poets were to be converted into a practical fact. A beginning was made with the creation of a small navy amidst the revolutionary events of those years of storm and stress. But even then, a fact now almost forgotten, Lord Palmerston, of all men, who was called "Lord Firebrand" by those reactionists who charged him with active support of popular causes abroad, came out as a bitter antagonist of German naval attempts. He actually had the satirical impertinence to ask "what pirate flag that was" on certain vessels flying the black-red-gold colors. At Portsmouth, the mob tore that flag down from a German merchant ship, and trod it in the mud. In those days, the English ambassador at Berlin, Lord Westmoreland, acting, no doubt, upon instructions from Downing Street, played also his part as an antagonist of German freedom and unity. It was in the final stage of the revolution. The army and the people of southwestern Germany had risen in support of the constitution framed by the national parliament at Frankfort, which was threatened with dissolution by dynastic governments. Rival German princes, as jealous of each other as they were hostile to popular rights, were quarrelling among themselves as to who should be Commander-in-Chief of the Royalist armies that were to overthrow the hard-won new liberties of the nation. Then the English ambassador did his best to compose those princely jealousies, so that the bloody destruction of the cause of freedom and national unity might all the more effectually and quickly be carried out.

Shamefully enough, the small German fleet was afterwards brought under the hammer by worthless reactionary governments.

It will thus be seen that the idea of a German navy is not, as some of its enemies try to suggest, of recent Prussian, royal and imperial origin, but that it has its foundation in national necessities and in popular tradition.

V.

Years ago, long before the recent South-African war, an influential and prominent London weekly raised the cry, "*Delenda*

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est Germania," simply on account of the growing commercial competition between Germany and England.

Nevertheless, the government of William II. has encountered no light difficulties in Parliament, whenever it presented its naval budget. That opposition, it is true, was to be accounted for, not by any disinclination of the population at large, but rather by the natural dissatisfaction with the illiberal procedures of the government, and the confused medley of party groups in the Reichstag.

In respect to the first point, the Emperor's government has only itself to thank. *"Regis voluntas suprema lex"* and similar utterances are not to the taste of the mass of the nation. Hence, the Social Democratic party, as an organized party, the majority of the democratic "People's Party," and even a section of the Liberal or Radical-Progressionists have often opposed the naval bills. The aristocratic Conservative and the ultramontane Centre Parties have on their part, also, given trouble—each trying to make a bargain with the government for its own special purposes.

A downright opposition, like that of the Social Democrats, might be understood if there were a chance of an early overthrow of the whole monarchical system. Such a prospect is, however, by no means in sight. The question is, therefore, simply one of national security, which every one, irrespective of party, ought to keep in mind. If a hostile attack from abroad were to occur, no doubt many of the present irreconcilable opponents of the German naval policy would have to effect a change in their attitude. But then, it must be remembered, it might be too late.

As to the feeling of the nation at large, it may be taken for certain that, if a plebiscite in the Swiss style had been or were now taken, the verdict would have been and would be now in favor of proper naval preparations against the increasing contingency of risks, even though an additional burden of taxation had to be borne. Though thirty-two years have passed since the last war with France, the lesson of that time has not been lost upon the German people. The readiness with which military and naval budgets are always voted in the French Chamber of Deputies, generally with scarcely any discussion, and the great and rapid increase of the Russian and French fleets, are for Germany significant monitory signs.

Along the North Sea and the Baltic, Germany possesses a good sea-faring population. Year by year, the number of men who

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come from the south to enter the navy is steadily increasing. This is true even for Alsace-Lorraine, which now furnishes far more volunteers for the navy than might be expected, comparing its population with that of Germany as a whole. For all that, how is it possible that the greatest naval Power of the world should be alarmed by Germany? The naval budget of England for 1902-1903 is £31,255,500; the naval budget for Germany £4,345,000. The number of officers and men in the English navy is 108,000; in the German navy, 33,000.

VI.

There can be no doubt that public opinion in England has become strangely nervous, not to say hysterical, since the defeats in the early part of the South-African war. Under an apparent outward calmness, there grew up in those days an extraordinary feeling of insecurity. As the war went on, in a seemingly endless manner, the alarm became all the greater, because every nation in Europe, and, indeed, the vast majority of Americans, also, sympathized with the invaded republics.

When the war was over, Germany, strangely enough, was singled out for public denunciation. All the accumulated rage was vented upon her. Yet, throughout that war, there had been men enough in Germany who simply regretted that a kindred nation, which they had hitherto looked upon as a representative of free institutions, should be engaged in the work of destroying two free commonwealths. The best friends of England and Germany felt sad at heart at this turn of affairs. Among them were honorary members of the Cobden Club, of whom it could certainly not be alleged that they were moved by unworthy jealousy.

But what of those in England who, even many years ago, from commercial rivalry, wished to see the *Delenda est Germania* parole carried out.

It is to be hoped that the bulk of the English nation is free from such unworthy sentiment, and that the bitter antagonism to Germany is, in a large measure, the result of the intriguing attempts of a mere group of men whose suspicious manœuvres call for strong reprobation.

I allude here to some well-known persons, who, whilst egging on England against Germany, purposely serve by their writings the aggressive designs of Russia—designs fatal to the standing of England as a great Power. These men, at the same time, try to

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cultivate a special friendship with Russia's ally. Their design is to drive France once more into an adventure upon the Rhine, out of which (I say it with regret, as a sympathizer with democratic institutions) the defeated republic would emerge the prey of a Dictatorship, to be followed by a return to a royal or imperial régime. With a view to creating a factitious and fictitious public opinion, some of these men are in the habit of writing both over their own signatures and also over various Latin aliases. This has been going on for a number of years. No wonder the many political innocents who are imposed upon by the anonymous game ask one another, "Must there not be a great deal of truth in the statements made against Germany, when such a number of different writers come to the same conclusion?" Yet it has recently been proved that these "different men" are in some remarkable cases a single individual, cleverly multiplying himself in this way: a man who serves the cause of Muscovite aggression in the Near East and in the Far East.

Now what a fine opportunity it would be for the military and bureaucratic ring at St. Petersburg to attempt the conquest of Constantinople, or to give trouble to England in India, by way of Afghanistan, if the two kindred Teutonic nations on the two sides of the German Ocean were to take each other by the throat!

VII.

Writers of the kind mentioned are, unfortunately, able to trade upon the strange ignorance which prevails among the masses in England in regard to foreign affairs. Sometimes they show themselves equally ignorant in the most ludicrous manner. Thus one of those who support Russian aggression recently gave, with the object of making German naval efforts look all the more criminal, the astounding geographical information that Prussia, by annexing Schleswig-Holstein, had "obtained access to the Baltic." He ignored the trifling fact that there is, and that there has been for ever so long, a German seaboard from Holstein up to the Russian frontier about the length of the whole east coast of England; and that Kiel was a German harbor even before the Schleswig-Holstein war. The same writer politely speaks of the German nation which freed the German population of Schleswig-Holstein from a foreign yoke, as "a confederacy of political brigands." It is nothing to him that those Elbe Duchies possessed an ancient con-

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stitution which kept them politically as separate from Denmark as is Hungary from Austria. According to that constitution, the common ruler was a king in Denmark, but only a duke in Schleswig-Holstein; his house ceasing to be entitled to the throne in the Duchies if no male issue of a king was existent. That case arose in 1863, even as a similar case arose between England and Hanover in 1837. To the writer alluded to, it is nothing either that the German people of Schleswig-Holstein had risen in arms themselves in 1848 for the defence of their constitutional rights, and had carried on a war for several years, only to be betrayed in the end by worthless German princes. It is nothing to him that in 1863 the German nation at last forced the unwilling courts of Berlin and Vienna into action, for the purpose of delivering their "forsaken brethren" from the foreign yoke.

In spite of all these clear facts, Schleswig-Holstein must be used as a theme for inflaming anew the minds of ignorant men in England, who are made to believe that the real object of Prussia was finally to establish her own "supremacy at sea." Lest this should not be enough, the old fabrication of an alleged plan of Germany to conquer Holland is once more set afloat. To cap the confused array of baseless charges, it is asserted that, since Bismarck's ministry, German policy had been directed to the acquisition of a seaboard. This is stated in forgetfulness of the fact that, until 1866, when nearly one-third of the territory and the population of Germany was ousted by what Prince Bismarck called himself in later years "a fratricidal war," Germany had not only a large seaboard in the Baltic and in the North Sea, but even a maritime footing in the Adriatic. There, Trieste, which centuries before had willingly joined herself to the Austrian part of Germany, was, until 1866, as much German as Liverpool, Glasgow, Cork are British.

VIII.

Any one looking at the subject with an unbiased mind, will see that the naval preparations of Germany are made for defence, not for attack; for the protection of her own coasts and colonies. Naturally, she has a special interest in the German Ocean (so-called since the days of the old Greek geographer Ptolemy, in the third century of our era), even as England has a special interest in the English Channel (so-called, though France has also a seaboard on her side of that waterway). Through the German Ocean

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a French fleet would come in case of war. What is more natural than that Germany should possess a corresponding strength in that quarter, so as to have command of that sea against invasion? But, as has been said before, invasion may some day be attempted from the west and from the northeast simultaneously. On this subject, the former German Minister of War, Gen. Verdy du Vernois (of French-Huguenot descent, as his name indicates) and Lt.-Gen. von der Goltz, known for his works on the war of 1870-71, have strongly expressed their views. Gen. Verdy du Vernois lays stress on the difficulties Germany experienced in the war against Denmark in consequence of the lack of a navy. He also states that in the beginning of the war with France, Germany was, for the same reason, compelled to detach not less than 70,000 landwehr and 90,000 garrison and reserve troops—together 160,000 men—for the defence of her coasts and harbors, although the French navy was at that time not nearly so large nor so well prepared as it is now. The same military authority points out the enormous risks which the German army and population would run in reference to provisioning, if, in any future war, the North Sea, into whose vast corner bay a mass of imports converges, were not properly protected by a strong naval force. He, therefore, advised Germany, some years ago, to make up as quickly as possible for what her governments had so long neglected.

On the possibility of a war in which Germany would have to fight on two fronts, Gen. von der Goltz declares for the necessity of having a proper naval force both in the Baltic and in the German Ocean. He says:

"The bombardment and ransoming of our ports might, perhaps, exercise no great weight in the balance of the fortune of war. Still, by frequent repetition, and if no means of defence were found, such procedures of the enemy would in the long run act in a depressing way on the feelings of the country. Now, in war, very much depends upon a firm belief of the masses in a coming victory. It stands to reason that the task of our army, struggling on the eastern side, would be exceedingly facilitated by our naval mastery in the Baltic. The Commander-in-chief of that army would possess a far more extended freedom of action if he could choose any place on the coast as a basis for his enterprises, and if, in case he had to go out of the way before superior forces, he were not compelled under such circumstances to turn to the Vistula. The possession of Koenigsberg and of the western Samland, which is easily maintained from there, would serve as a lasting menace for the right wing of a Russian army of invasion. All this would be impossible if hostile

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squadrons were to appear on our coasts and to maintain themselves there. Consequently our operations on land would be directly favored and forwarded by a strong fleet. A war against an allied France and Russia, therefore, renders it necessary for us to have a fleet which at least would be superior to a single one of those two antagonists."

Gen. von der Goltz concludes with these words: "Weakness invites attacks from the more powerful. Our present weakness at sea involves serious danger of war. In strengthening ourselves, we strengthen peace."

Is it not England's true interest, political and commercial, to see peace maintained? And has not the very strength of Germany on land hitherto prevented France, in spite of the incessant agitations of men of the Boulanger type, and of the type, even, of her present War and Marine Ministers, from embarking in an enterprise of "revenge," which, however it would turn out on the field of battle, would be fatal to the continued existence of the Republic? Victorious, a successful general would become master and Dictator of the commonwealth, and we know what that means in France. Defeated, as is far more likely, an infuriated population would take its revenge, as is usual at Paris, upon the unsuccessful government, overthrow the constitution, and once more relapse into a monarchical régime. Truly the strength of Germany is both a guarantee of peace and a help to the internal progress of the French Republic, and this, in the end, is for the good of Europe at large.

Unfortunately, all nations are now engaged in the increasing augmentation of their armaments on land and at sea. In that respect, the times are thoroughly out of joint. Even the United States of America, though not in danger of being attacked, has just found it desirable to increase its military and naval forces. Is Germany, closely pressed upon by two great military and naval Powers, is Germany to be accused because she takes that perilous position into account?

Let it be remembered that Englishmen and Germans, men of the same race, have never stood in battle array against each other, but have been repeatedly shoulder to shoulder in resisting aggressive despotism, and that the time may come when England herself may be only too glad to have in Germany a well-prepared friend, able to help in warding off a danger common to both.

KARL BLIND.

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THE FUTURE OF THE TROPICS.

BY DR. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

THE movements of human beings on the surface of the earth are directed by needs and limited by conditions similar to the circumstances that determine the distribution of other animals. In the past, man multiplied in his original home, wherever that may have been, and spread from it, conquering or being turned by similar physical and climatic obstacles, being repelled or attracted by similar favorable or unfavorable conditions. At the present time, the great mass of the human population of the earth occupies temperate regions. The Arctic regions support a scanty and scattered population of wandering tribes. The large tropical land-masses, continental or insular, are relatively sparsely peopled, and the distribution is thickest around the coasts. From the time at which history began to be written in fossil remains, in buried weapons and implements, in folk-lore and traditions, man has been a creature of temperate maritime lowlands. Along the shores of temperate seas, in river valleys and deltas, the conditions of life have been most varied and favorable, food has been most abundant, the struggle for existence has been most severe, and the highest types and the great civilizations have been developed.

We do not know in what part of the world or even in what geological horizon it would have been possible to draw the first line of division between man and the man-like apes from which he came, but the obvious conditions of present distribution point to a temperate place of origin, from which man has spread. The presence of modern anthropoid apes and of so many of the lower types of humanity in the tropics to-day, does not decide their place of origin. The existing anthropoids and the most primitive living savages are separated from the common ancestors of

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man and the apes by as long a gap in time, and by at least as many generations, as are the highest types of modern civilization. They may have been left behind in their original homes, or, more probably, they may have been driven into the tropics by more prosperous rivals. But there is no doubt that modern civilized man, now and for long characteristically temperate, is pressing towards the tropics, sometimes with the languid ambition of "pegging out claims for posterity," sometimes with the fierce activity of war.

The first difficulty, and one that seems hard to overcome, depends on the direct physical condition of climate. There is no doubt that at present the higher white races do not easily establish themselves within the tropics, if by establishment is meant not merely successful individual life, but the founding of families. No conclusion of Zoology seems more certain than that the land-population of the earth arose from inhabitants of the sea. The lowly newt-like ancestors of the higher terrestrial creatures slowly through the ages crept from the salt marshes, inland to plains and forest and hills, diverging as they went into lizard and snake, bird and mammal. They were at first cold-blooded, or, to put the biological fact more accurately, the temperature of their bodies varied with the temperature of the surrounding media, following the changes almost as closely as a sea-weed follows the changing temperature of the water in which it floats. The transition from the equable temperature of sea-water to the air on the land, with its swift and severe diurnal, seasonal and irregular rises and falls, must have been difficult to overcome; and it was probably under the stimulation of this new difficulty that there arose mechanisms by which the temperature of warm-blooded animals is kept at a level independent of the external fluctuations. In the early days of terrestrial life and, probably, for long after it had been established, a narrow area of the coast line, in the warmer temperate and colder tropical parts of the globe, contained all the land population. In such regions, the descent of winter had fewer terrors, and even these might be avoided by resort to the marshes, and summer had a less cruel alternation of heat of noon and cold of night.

To such regions, man, up to the present, has confined his greater successes; but there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the higher races from following the example already set

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by some of the lower and becoming adapted to the extremes of tropical climate. It is merely an extension of the capacity for adaptation already displayed by the whole vertebrate series when they passed from water to land. Even at the present time, civilized white races are accustomed to undergo sudden changes of temperature amounting to thirty or forty degrees, as when they pass from the warm air of a house to the cold of a winter's day. They suffer this with practically no risk to health and little to comfort; for there exists in all of us a delicate nervous and vascular mechanism by which heat-production and heat-dissipation are adjusted automatically to the changes of the environment. We all know, moreover, that it requires very slight training to extend the convenient limits of this automatic adjustment, so that not the smallest change of clothing is needed for the transition from outdoors to indoors. Here, then, lies ready material on which selection may operate: a bodily mechanism varying in individuals and capable of considerable improvement by use. It cannot be doubted that selection, conscious or natural, might produce, in a very few generations, a variety of the civilized white races completely adapted to the exigencies of the tropics. In the natural course of events, the new habit would be acquired in a great continental area, like America or Africa, where continuous land-masses stretching from the temperate to the tropical zones afford the opportunity for slow, gradual transition.

A second and graver reason seems to make the tropics only an inhospitable and temporary host of white man. A multitude of subtle enemies rise up against his invasion. The odorous depths of the jungle, the green and purple swamps, the dim recesses of the forest, and the fiery, open plains, all breathe poison on him. Black fevers, yellow fevers and malarias seem to rise from the ground against him; diseases of the liver, diseases of the blood, diseases of the skin oppress him; the citadel of his health is stormed at every gate; and, if he escape at all, it is with a broken and enervated vitality. However scrupulously exaggeration be stripped from such a presentment, there remains a forbidding truth; and yet, on a wider survey, the difficulties fade away.

The first important consideration to be weighed is that the tropics have no monopoly of unfriendliness to man. Natives of the central tropical belt, brought to England or to the northern part of the United States, meet conditions extremely unfavorable

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to them. A different set of scourges meet them on our shores; the most dangerous of the tropical lowlands are no more truly the white man's grave than old England is the grave of the black man. Tubercles and pneumonias, rheumatic fevers and influenzas, and a host of diseases endemic in the crowded cities of the temperate zones are ready for him. Sometimes, indeed, a white man's disease has broken loose from the white man's home, and has left a broad track of death in its trail across the tropics. The presence of the white man has proved fatal to many a savage race; and this because there come with him the seeds of many diseases inconsiderable to him but fatal to the savage.

The common feature of all these diseases is that the exciting cause is some kind of living parasite, in most cases the small plants we know as bacteria. These microbes were not originally parasites, but lived a free life in water or mud. They were different in different regions of the world, just as other plants and animals differ, and those that have become human parasites in the tropics are different from those which have become human parasites in temperate regions. For countless generations, the members of the human race have been engaged in a life and death struggle, each with the microbes of its own locality. Different individuals differ in their inborn susceptibility to any particular microbe; and, in the course of generations, a continual elimination of the more susceptible individuals has made each race more able to repel the attacks of its local microbes. Most of us in England are now able to resist the attacks of the tubercle bacillus, although probably none of us escapes infection by it; in the same way, a large proportion of the Gold Coast negroes resist the attacks of malaria, although probably all are infected by it. On the other hand, subject these negroes to the English conditions of omnipresent tubercle and the majority will succumb, just as the majority of Englishmen fall before the tropical fevers. There is no reason, given time and opportunity, why white races should not adapt themselves to resist the alien diseases of the tropics as well as they now endure their own diseases.

Selection and destructive elimination, no doubt, will play an inevitable and cruel part in this business of race modification; but there is more than ground for the hope that direct methods will assist in gaining victory over tropical diseases. In the old days, the memory of which has still left traces in our invocations,

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the incidence of disease was regarded as the direct operation of an inscrutable Providence, to be averted, perhaps, by prayer and humiliation, but otherwise beyond human control. We know now that most diseases come as directly from living seeds as the harvests of Autumn come from the grains planted in Spring, and the knowledge begins to bring with it power of control. The most recent and useful advance in knowledge of disease is the discovery of the life-history of the malaria parasite. The active agent in malaria is a minute organism that, in one phase of its life, lives and multiplies in the red corpuscles of human blood. It passes another phase of its existence within the bodies of mosquitoes, and it is by the bites of these that human beings are first infected with malaria, and that the infection is carried from person to person. Study of the habits of the disease-bearing mosquitoes of different regions has already led to the conclusion that a very simple crusade against mosquitoes, in their adult form, and during their larval life, would stamp out the disease. Malaria is the chief endemic disease of the tropics, and is by far the most serious barrier to white races. Dysentery and Beri-beri leprosy and the others are equally capable of being dealt with when the exact knowledge comes, and it cannot be doubted that the time is fast approaching when, partly by direct measures and partly by a slower selective acclimatization, white races will live as securely in the tropics as they now do in the temperate zones.

At the present time, the lures that draw men towards the tropics are numerous and none of them specially urgent. There is the spirit of adventure, the most elemental of the qualities that distinguish man from the brute, the spirit by which our savage ancestors tamed the dreadful demon fire, and which is implicit alike in the patient toil of the laboratory and in the aspirations of the philosopher. There is the quest for unknown natural products; woods and roots, spices and barks, strange and flaming blossoms, the jewelled plumage of birds, hides and horn and ivory. The noisome swamps may cover mines of gold and tin; there are diamonds and emeralds, sapphires and turquoises in the clays and gravels of the river beds. There are the abominations of heathendom to be suppressed; souls to be saved and weird translations of Western Dogma to be implanted. There is the Flag, the fetich of white races, to be unfurled in new regions, and there are trade gin and fishing dynamite to follow the flag.

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The naturalist, the sportsman, the hunter, the orchid collector, the missionary, the soldier and the trader alike seek the tropics, but all share the same hope of returning.

These individuals, urged by inconsiderable motives, are only the vanguard of a great movement of the white races towards the sun. Nothing is more probable than that, at a time not unthinkably remote, the white races will struggle as arduously and as fiercely for possession of land under the burning sun of the equator, as, in the past, they have fought for the temperate zones. Race-pressure, the inevitable and primordial expansive force of multiplying organisms outgrowing their geographical limits, will prove the fundamental stimulus, and, at first, will guide the movement towards the tropics, for the simple reason that thither is the line of least resistance, leading to habitable parts of the earth least occupied by whites. But later on, another reason will orient the movement more certainly and greatly increase its force. This ultimate cause lies in the nature of life itself.

Viewed simply, and without metaphysical subtlety, all the phenomena of life, and among them the activities of the human race, are transformations of energy. The economical system of the world hinges on the sources of energy. So far as human beings are concerned, the important sources are food and fuel—food, the metabolism of which within the body provides for the individual activities, and fuel, the metabolism of which in mechanical appliances provides for all the arts and industries by which civilized man surrounds himself with an artificial but now necessary environment. There are two ways of meeting necessary expenditure; direct income and drawing on capital. In the case of fuel, the world possesses vast stores of capital, accumulated ages before the arrival of man. Even in England, there is a supply estimated to last, at the present rate of depletion, for several centuries; and in the world as a whole the discovery of new coal-fields and oil-beds proceeds apace. Moreover, the increase of physical knowledge has made the use of fuel less wasteful, and there is a constantly diminishing difference between the potential energy of any mass of oxidizable material and the actual energy obtained from it; a state of affairs which retards considerably the rate of destruction of capital. Altogether, there does not seem much reason to suppose that a time will arrive soon when humanity has to revert from the capitalized fuel of the

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world to the daily income of solar heat. If such an event should come, its approach will be heralded by vast changes, and it is almost impossible to predict its effect on the distribution of population.

On the other hand, the reserve of food is so small that the world may be said to live almost directly on its income. There is no doubt as to the nature of this income of energy. The food of man, like the food of all living things, in whatever form it enter the tissues, consists of water, certain extremely common mineral salts, and the substances known chemically as carbohydrates, such as starch or sugar, and proteids, such as albumen or gluten. Considering food simply as the source of the energy of life, we may neglect water and the mineral salts as accessories, however necessary, and proteid, because that substance, in so far as it is a source of energy, raises no question that is not more simply dealt with in the case of carbohydrates. We are left then with these compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen as the vehicles by which potential energy reaches the living organism.

As natural products, these occur only in the bodies of living animals and plants, or in substances immediately derived from living things. Carbohydrates do not occur in sea-water or in fresh-water, in rock-deposits or in clays and sands; so far as our knowledge of terrestrial things goes, carbohydrate material is always associated with life. Animals obtain it by feeding on other animals or on plants; man, like other animals, gets it from flesh and grains and fruits; fungi obtain it from animal and vegetable matter alive or dead. All these, to provide for the energy of life, destroy a proportionate bulk of carbohydrate, reducing it to simple inorganic gases and vapors, precisely in the same fashion as a piece of machinery destroys a bulk of fuel, in a proportion to the work it performs determined by its mechanical efficacy. The only living things that add to the mass of carbohydrate material in the world are green plants; all other life is parasitic on green plant life, vegetarian animals directly, flesh-feeders indirectly by living on vegetable feeders. Life, in all its wonderful manifestations, in its highest and in its lowest forms, depends directly on green plants, on the innumerable microscopic *algae* of fresh-water and sea-water, on the grass and foliage that cover the hills and plains with a mantle of green. The explanation of this dependence is simple and universal. Green plants are the means

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by which there is captured for use the radiant energy dancing across the void from the sun to the earth. Dissolve some of the green coloring matter of plants in alcohol, and pass a beam of sunlight through the solution; the simplest physical experiments will show that the beam, on emerging, has lost heat-rays, chemical-rays and light-rays; energy has been taken from it. The same process occurs in living green plants, and, from the point of view of the vital economy of the world, their manufacture of carbohydrates is no more than a storing, as potential energy, of the radiant energy of sunlight.

Science is already doing much to increase the rate and the total amount of this absorption of energy. Every improvement in tilling the soil, in applying rightly the right chemical foods, in draining and in watering, adds to the amount captured. Still more efficacious are the improvements made in plants themselves by artificial selection; the production of new varieties with more rapid growth, with heavier grains or fruits, simply means that the intelligence of man has brought about the possibility of capturing a greater proportion of the energy bestowed by sunlight in a given time and area. It is possible that science may advance beyond the culture of plants to the supersession of plants by direct chemical agencies. There are innumerable modes in which sunlight may be made to do chemical work, and so to store up potential energy; chlorophyll itself may be synthesized, or simpler pigments with comparable physical properties may be prepared, and carbohydrates may be manufactured directly, on a large scale and in a form suitable for food, without the intervention of the tedious processes of the vital laboratory of leaves. The greatest conceivable progress in scientific husbandry, and the most stupendous inventions to replace plants, however, would only bring to an exacter issue the ultimate question. Sunlight, and sunlight alone, is the permanent income of the world, and the human race is living more and more closely up to its income. Precisely as the means for securing this income grow more exact, and as the world grows more directly dependent on them, the parts of the earth where the income is greatest will grow most valuable. Not for gold nor for diamonds, nor for the fat soil of volcanic slopes will be the future battle of the nations; but for that belt of the globe on which most lavishly radiant energy comes to us from the centre of our Cosmic System. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

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ELECTRICITY AS A MOTIVE POWER ON TRUNK LINES.

BY C. L. DE MURALT.

In an article on this subject which appeared in the December number of this REVIEW, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, after a very careful study of the situation, came to the conclusion that, while it is possible from an engineering standpoint to adopt electricity as the motive power for our railways, yet, regarded from the financial point of view, the change is not possible. Following very nearly the same train of thought one may, however, easily come to the opposite conclusion, viz., that it would be a great advantage both from an engineering and a financial standpoint to have all trains propelled by electricity, and it is the object of this paper to set forth this side of the question.

Starting at the same point as Mr. Vanderbilt we find that, from the standpoint of those in charge of the railways, every dollar spent on electric equipment must be considered as an excess charge against the electric railway, and, as such, the expenditure will only be warranted if the saving in transportation expenses and in depreciation of plant, or the increase of business, will insure a material dividend on the increased investment. Let us, with Mr. Vanderbilt, dismiss from the beginning all considerations as to the convenience and comfort of passengers, for the reason that, although better facilities in this respect often pay for themselves, freight business is at present the principal source of revenue, and therefore of more interest to the railroad manager. We thus find that, if electricity is to be adopted at all, it ought to provide a more economical method of transportation. We will therefore have to look carefully into the question of operating expenses, and in doing this it will probably be best to adhere to the five points raised by Mr. Vanderbilt for purposes of comparison

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between the two systems: first, cost of a unit amount of fuel; second, amount of useful work realized from this fuel at the driving wheels; third, cost of conducting transportation or handling trains; fourth, cost of repairs to machinery; fifth, cost of repairs to roadway. If our investigation is to lead to tangible conclusions, it will be necessary to go somewhat more into detail than did Mr. Vanderbilt, whose article treats the subject, as he says himself, only in a very general way. It will be necessary, above all, to introduce some figures, though we shall try to limit these to the minimum.

In regard to the first point, we will agree that the cost of fuel should be taken as being equal on any given road for both systems; although, in some cases electric central stations might be able to make use of a cheaper coal or oil than would be possible or advisable on locomotives.

Passing on to the second point, the amount of useful work realized at the driving wheels, we find that a convenient way of comparing the two systems in this respect will be to determine in each case the cost of motive power per train-mile. The following two trains may be taken as representing fairly typical conditions: an average passenger train, weighing between 200 and 250 tons, running at an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and an average freight-train, of about 800 tons, making about fifteen miles an hour. We shall therefore try to find out the cost under either system of hauling these trains one mile.

Let us suppose for a moment that, in the case of the electric system, the railroad company does not build its own central stations, but, as is often done in street railway practice, buys the electric current from electric power companies, whose plants are conveniently situated along the road. With a modern alternating current power transmission, it will be possible to supply one hundred and more miles of track from one central station; the latter will therefore be of considerable size, which will permit the installation of large generating units, with the combined advantage of comparatively low first cost and high working efficiency. Such a station would be able to sell the horse-power hour, taken at its switchboard, at about half a cent. The electric energy thus obtained will then have to be distributed by the railroad company along its track to the various locomotives, and there transformed by the electric motors into mechanical energy.

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In the present state of the art, the average efficiency of such a transmission system may be taken at about sixty per cent., which means that, for each horse-power hour required at the axle of the locomotive, one and two-thirds horse-power hours will have to be produced at the central station. The cost of one horse-power hour at the drivers thus works out to be about eight-tenths of a cent. The above-mentioned passenger train would take about eight horse-power hours per mile, the freight train about seventeen horse-power hours. The cost of motive power per train-mile would therefore be in the neighborhood of six and a half cents for the average passenger-train and thirteen and a half cents for the average freight-train if the electric energy is obtained from a steam central station.

In the case of a hydro-electric plant the figures are somewhat different. Most central stations of this kind are able to sell the horse-power at about twenty dollars per year, some even as low as ten dollars. Assuming for the distributing system the same efficiency as above, this would bring the cost of one horse-power hour delivered at the drivers to something between one quarter and one half of a cent. The cost of motive power per train-mile would thus be four cents or less for the average passenger-train, and not more than eight and one-half cents for the average freight-train.

Unfortunately, the performance of the steam locomotive cannot as readily be expressed in figures, as the coal consumption per train-mile varies within wide limits. From the reports of a great number of roads it is, however, evident that the average coal consumption for all trains of any one road will be considerably over one hundred pounds per mile in most cases. A very conservative estimate will place the average coal consumption of a passenger-train, operated under the conditions mentioned above, at about sixty pounds per mile, and of a freight-train as above at one hundred and fifty pounds. With coal at two dollars per ton, or one-tenth of one cent per pound, this brings the average cost of motive power per train-mile to about six cents for an average passenger-train, and about fifteen cents for an average freight-train.

We thus are led to the conclusion that what Mr. Vanderbilt admits as a possibility is really a fact. The motive-power obtained by the double conversion of steam or water-power into

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electricity and back into mechanical-power by means of electric motors, is not any more expensive than the motive-power obtained by the single conversion in the direct-acting steam-engine of the present-day locomotive. As a matter of fact, the electrical energy will in most cases turn out to be the cheaper of the two. We shall, however, not claim any superiority in this respect, but take note only of the fact that, when calculating the cost of the electric horse-power hour, the central station plant was supposed to be owned by an outside party. The price arrived at does, therefore, already include the operating expenses of the plant, as well as interest and depreciation on the capital invested therein; and the only additional investment which the railroad company would be called upon to make would be the capital required to install the electrical distributing system along its track, assuming with Mr. Vanderbilt the cost of electric-locomotives to be the same as that of steam-locomotives, and the other rolling equipment to be identical for either system. That a very fair return can be paid on this amount by the savings effected in operating expenses through the adoption of electricity as motive power, will be shown in the following considerations.

We are thus brought to the third point of comparison, the cost of conducting transportation or handling trains. The total expense classified under this heading is made up of the following items: cost of motive-power (fuel); water supply to locomotives; oil, waste and other supplies; wages of engineers, firemen, wipers and turners; wages of other trainmen; wages of switchmen, flagmen and watchmen; all other expenses, such as wages of station-agents, train-dispatchers, station-supplies, etc. Of these different items, only the first four would be seriously affected by the adoption of electricity, whilst the wages of trainmen other than engineers, firemen or roundhouse-men, the wages of switchmen, flagmen and watchmen and all other expenses may be taken as being practically the same in both cases.

We have seen above that the cost of one unit of energy expended on the track may be called equal for electric and steam-locomotives; but this does not necessarily mean that the total cost of motive power will also be the same in both cases. As a matter of fact, a handsome saving will be made on this account by the use of electricity, because the weight of an electric-locomotive required to haul a given load will be much less than that of a steam-

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locomotive of equal capacity; because, also, the coal-consumption of a steam-locomotive is largely dependent on the skill with which it is handled, whilst this does not, or at least not to the same degree, affect the efficiency of the electric-locomotive; and, finally, because all switching-work will be performed much more cheaply. In the case of steam-engines, there is a great amount of dead weight hauled over the road in the form of tender, coal, and water. A locomotive weighing say sixty tons will have a tender weighing about thirty tons and probably ten tons more in coal and water, which makes a total of 100 tons, of which not much more than half rests on the drivers. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that an electric-locomotive of fifty tons only, having its total weight on the driving wheels, will do just as much useful work. If the locomotive were to be combined with one of the cars, either freight or passenger, as would probably be done in most cases, the reduction in weight would be still more obvious. In modern high-speed passenger service, the weight of the locomotive and tender often represents from thirty to forty per cent. of the entire train weight. With local passenger-trains this percentage will of course drop considerably, and it will be still lower in freight-trains. But, whatever it may be in any given case, it is evident that with an electric-locomotive it would be less than half as much; and, as any reduction in the train-weight represents just so much saved in motive power, the difference in the weight of the two kinds of locomotives will represent a saving in the cost of motive-power of at least five per cent.

It is not as easy to determine what influence the skill of the engineer and fireman has on the efficiency of the steam-locomotive. From actual records, it is quite certain that the coal-consumption may vary as much as ten to fifteen pounds per train-mile out of a total of perhaps 100 pounds. But it is difficult to draw an average; and, in order to be quite fair, it may therefore be better to drop this point entirely.

The saving effected in the operation of switching-engines is more easily expressed in figures. When we consider the character of work performed by these engines, which are in motion only a small part of the time, and yet have to keep a full head of steam on during the intervening periods of rest, we come to the conclusion that electric-locomotives, which draw energy from the station only when doing work, will be able to save at least thirty

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per cent. of the energy used in this service. The coal consumed by switching-locomotives is on most roads between fifteen and twenty per cent. of that used by all the freight and passenger locomotives combined; and the saving under this item can thus be said to amount to another five per cent. of the total cost of coal. Add this to the five per cent. saved by the reduction of train-weight, and we find that the total cost of motive power will be reduced at least ten per cent. through the adoption of electricity.

As to water supply, electric-locomotives do not use any water and therefore the whole of this expense could be saved, and with it the water-cranes along the line, with all the trouble they cause during frost.

The cost of oil, waste, packing for stuffing-boxes, and similar supplies could be greatly reduced. There are probably twenty times as many parts that require lubrication on a steam-engine as on an electric-motor; and some of these parts, such as the cylinder, require a large amount of lubricant; then steam-locomotives are wiped off every day, electric-motors not once a week; no packing is required for electric-motors, etc. This item will therefore certainly be reduced fifty per cent.

The wages of engineers, firemen, wipers and turners will also allow of a considerable saving. In steam-railroad practice, each locomotive must be fitted with a steam engine, boiler, water-tank and coal-bunker, and these parts take up so much room that they must necessarily be made up in the form of a separate car on its own wheels, except in the case of small dummy-engines. In the case of the electric-locomotive, there is ample space on the trucks of a full-size steam railway-car, whether freight or passenger, to locate an electric-motor equipment of sufficient capacity to do the heaviest work required in railway service. It would, therefore, be well to combine the electric-locomotive with a baggage-car in the case of passenger-trains, and with a caboose in the case of freight-trains. Besides the reduction in weight thus obtained, it would then be possible to dispense entirely with the services of the fireman, as the baggage-master in the one case, and the conductor in the other, would take the place of second man on the locomotive for all cases of emergency. The number of roundhouse-men necessary for cleaning the electric-locomotive would certainly also be smaller, and a conservative estimate would therefore place the reduction in wages of enginemen at about twenty-five per cent.

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If we now consider the fourth point, the cost of repairs to machinery, we agree with Mr. Vanderbilt that the cost of maintenance of the cars should be the same in either system; but we find ourselves of a different opinion when it comes to the maintenance of the locomotives. According to very good authorities, the cost of locomotive repairs may be apportioned to the various parts as follows: running gear, 20 per cent.; machinery, 30 per cent.; boilers, 20 per cent.; lagging of boilers and painting, 12 per cent.; smoke-box, etc., 5 per cent.; tender, 13 per cent. In the case of electric-locomotives, the last four items or just fifty per cent. of the total cost would entirely disappear, and it is certain that the amount of the other two would be greatly reduced, as the number of wearing parts is much smaller in an electric-motor than in a steam-engine. The saving in cost of locomotive repairs could, therefore, be safely assumed as fifty per cent., as this would in practice certainly be more than realized.

Coming finally to the fifth point and comparing the relative cost of repairs to roadway, we have on the one hand the effect of the unbalanced condition of the steam-locomotives upon the track, on the other hand the additional expense of keeping the electric contact line in good repair. Both are equally difficult to express in figures with any accuracy. In all probability, they will pretty nearly compensate one another; but, in any case, the difference resulting cannot be more than a small percentage of the total cost of repairs to roadway, which in turn makes up but a small portion of the total operating expenses. The difference will in no case exceed a fraction of one per cent. of the latter.

Let us now investigate the question of first cost. We have seen above that, with electric energy supplied by separate companies, and assuming the rolling-stock to cost the same in both cases, the electric system will nevertheless require an increased investment to pay for the electric distributing system along the line. It is evident that the interest on this investment represents a fixed charge per mile of track, which will have to be offset by a saving in operating expenses, and this can of course only be done if the traffic over the road has a certain density. The latter condition, however, is met much more often than is generally supposed; and that our large trunk-line systems do not make an exception in this respect, will be seen by examining one or two cases a little more closely.

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Let us take for instance the Pennsylvania and the New York Central & Hudson River roads. The former operated last year a total of 3,670 miles of road, the latter a total of 3,320 miles. With an alternating current high-potential system, the electric equipment of the line would not cost more than $6,000 to $7,000 per mile, including second, third and fourth tracks and sidings, or a total of $25,690,000 for the Pennsylvania, and $23,240,000 for the New York Central. If we count ten per cent. for interest, sinking fund, etc., this would represent an annual charge of $2,569,000 in the one case, and $2,324,000 in the other.

The operating expenses for these two roads during the last year were made up as follows:

	Pennsylvania.	N. Y. Central.
Fuel for locomotives (motive power)	$6,000,133.94	$4,635,877.09
Water for locomotives	335,286.00	295,582.77
Other supplies for locomotives	382,548.12	334,672.56
Wages of engineers, firemen, and round-house-men	5,716,847.83	4,829,442.54
Wages of other trainmen	4,442,127.34	2,991,334.66
Wages of switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen	3,900,427.49	2,511,552.06
Other expenses for conducting transportation	14,540,541.88	11,607,537.54
Repairs to locomotives	4,412,983.29	3,608,971.89
Repairs to other equipment	10,674,725.61	5,661,991.79
Repairs to roadbed	8,541,935.48	6,145,341.10
Repairs to structures	4,122,017.98	2,454,690.96
General expenses	1,858,319.09	1,786,494.17
Grand total	$64,927,894.05	$46,863,489.13

Applying the figures found during the course of our investigation, this list will allow of the following reductions if electricity were adopted as motive power:

Fuel, 10 per cent., or	$600,013.39	$463,587.71
Water, saved entirely	335,286.00	295,582.77
Other supplies, 50 per cent	191,274.06	167,336.28
Wages to engineers, etc., 25 per cent.	1,429,211.96	1,207,360.63
Repairs to locomotives, 50 per cent.	2,206,491.65	1,804,485.95
Total amount saved	$4,762,277.06	$3,938,353.34

In the case of either road, the amount saved would be almost double the amount necessary to pay a handsome return on the additional investment, and it will be remembered that we have been extremely conservative in every part of our estimate.

Similar figures apply to most of our large railroads; and we thus come to the conclusion that it is not in the cost of fuel alone

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that we may expect to find the economy of the electric system. Some of the other items taken together add up to a very important amount, and will cause the operating expenses of most of our roads to be smaller by using electricity than by using steam, without mentioning at all the advantages of increased comfort to passengers, and the possibility of greater speed should this be desired.

If water-power can be used for producing electricity, that will simply mean an additional advantage. In that case, the cost of motive power will be greatly reduced, and the saving thus effected will amount to at least one-third of the total amount now spent for fuel, and often to a great deal more. For a railroad like the New York Central, capable of supplying practically its entire system from the water-power of Niagara Falls, the upper Hudson and the St. Lawrence, this would represent an additional saving of more than one and a half million dollars yearly.

Of course, even with these convincing figures it would not do to imagine that a complete trunk-line system of several thousand miles of road could be converted from steam to electric traction all at once. Yet there is no reason whatever why electricity should not be adopted immediately on those sections of the road where the saving is most apparent. Instead of spending each year large amounts for additional steam-engines, as has to be done at present, these amounts could be used for gradually acquiring all the necessary electric-locomotives; and, in the mean time, the steam-locomotives thus rendered superfluous on the sections operated electrically could be used to complete the rolling-stock of the sections still employing steam. The traffic could be carried on in exactly the same way, whether steam or electricity was used as motive power, and thus the change could be made without interfering at all with the regular operation of the road.

Hardly anybody doubts that the public would greatly appreciate the advantages inherent in electric traction, and the above figures go to show that the change would in the great majority of cases be accompanied also by an increased net revenue for the railroad company.

C. L. DE MURALT.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

BY SIR ALEXANDER E. MILLER, C.S.I., K.C., LL.D., FORMERLY LEGAL MEMBER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S COUNCIL IN INDIA.

THE policy enunciated in President Monroe's celebrated message, commonly known as "the Monroe Doctrine," to which special attention has been called by the Venezuela imbroglio, has been the subject of considerable misapprehension on both sides of the Atlantic, though in different directions. On the one hand, we hear declarations that this or that Power—notably Great Britain—has or has not assented to the doctrine; as though it were a maxim of International Law,—such as the right of issuing Letters of Marque in war-time,—and, as such, matter for formal acceptance or rejection on the part of independent civilized nations. On the other hand, there has been suggested a course of action on the part of the United States, which could be justified only if, by the promulgation of the doctrine in question, they had constituted themselves the protectors, and undertaken to act as the police, of the whole Western Hemisphere—a position untenable in itself, and expressly repudiated by the Government of the United States.

Looked at dispassionately, the so-called "doctrine" is neither more nor less than a public announcement by the Government and People of the United States, that they would look upon any attempt at territorial aggrandizement in any part of the American continent, by any European Power, as "an unfriendly act," an act which they would resent under any circumstances, and would be ready, if necessary, to prevent by armed force. Such an announcement it is clearly within the right of every nation to make, on any question which it considers—and it is itself the sole judge—to warrant it; it may be likened to the hanging up of his

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shield by a knight in one of the mediæval romances, as a warning to all-comers, with Lord Marmion's motto displayed beneath, "Who checks at me to death is dight." An exact parallel to this announcement was the declaration of Great Britain in respect of the Nile Valley, a declaration which could only be disregarded at the risk of war, and which therefore was not likely to be disregarded without serious consideration. And, just as it is within the prerogative of every independent Power to make such an announcement, in any case which it considers of sufficient importance in its own interests, so it is manifestly immaterial whether any other nation has or has not signified its assent to or dissent from it. It may be repudiated in words: but it cannot be disregarded in act by any Power not prepared to face the consequences. The Fashoda incident, and the French invasion of Mexico, are instances directly in point.

After the exhaustive history of the "rise and progress" of the doctrine which has lately appeared from the pen of Captain Mahan,* it would be superfluous, as well as presumptuous, to enter here on any account of its origin and development. Suffice it to say, that the original declaration sprang from a well-grounded apprehension of the effects upon the United States themselves of a re-conquest of the revolted Spanish Colonies by a European combination; that this apprehension was shared in and sympathized with by Great Britain; and that the principle involved has been completely vindicated by subsequent events. It may well be that sympathy with the aspirations of young and struggling republics had something to do with the ready acceptance which the President's message met with from the American public, and that, if the newly emancipated colonies had adopted—as Brazil did on its separation from Portugal—monarchical institutions, their claim to independence might not have met with so hearty a response. But the underlying principle would not have been thereby affected; the true ground, and the sole tenable ground, for the position taken up by the United States was the conviction that it was inconsistent with their national interests to allow the American continent to become the battle-ground of European ambition—so inconsistent that war, with all its eventualities, was deemed to be preferable. There was nothing Quixotic about the policy: sentiment, so far as it entered into the question

* *National Review*, February, 1903.

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at all, played a very subordinate part. That, under the circumstances of 1823, this conviction was well-founded; that, if the Holy Alliance, then at the height of its influence, had acquired a foothold in Mexico or Central America, (and, if established in any part of the continent, it might have been difficult or impracticable to set limits to its sphere of influence), its efforts would have been directed to impeding, even if they could not altogether prevent, that westward expansion which has been of such transcendent importance to both the United States and Canada—is unquestioned. Doubtless, the circumstances are somewhat altered now. The United States have ceased to be "a local celebrity," and have taken their place as a World-Power; and considerations of vital moment to a federation of States clustered along the eastern seaboard of North America, might well be disregarded with impunity by a united nation more than five times as numerous, the owners of nearly half the continent in point of area, and much more than half in point of population. Moreover, it is open to question whether the segregation of interest implied in the policy in question is consistent with the position of a nation owning extensive colonies in the Philippine and Sandwich Islands, and the principal, perhaps even the predominant, power in the Northern Pacific. That, however, is a question for the American people themselves. They are the sole guardians of their own dignity, the sole judges of their own interests; and if they think it consistent with their place in the family of civilized nations to treat the South-American continent as within their exclusive "sphere of influence," they are not merely within their right in so doing, but it is a right which it could hardly be, under any probable circumstances, the interest of any other nation seriously to contest.

But there have come across the sea, not now for the first time, suggestions that it is the part of the United States, when disputes have arisen between a European and an American Power, to assume the rôle of arbitrator, to investigate and give judgment uninvited upon the merits of the quarrel, and to require the contending parties to acquiesce in the decision. This is an assumption of a totally different nature, an assumption which, although it may shelter itself under the *name* of the Monroe Doctrine, is entirely foreign to its *principle*. Now, such an assumption, if seriously put into practice, would inevitably end in war. No self-

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respecting nation would or could submit to dictation of that description till compelled by armed force. No nation—least of all a democratically governed nation—will be ruled by its material interests when its *amour propre* is rudely assailed. Rather than so submit, Denmark dared the contest with the German Federation, a contest in which failure was a foregone conclusion, but which was necessary to render the result compatible with the maintenance of her self-respect. Even so feeble a Power as Spain entered upon a hopeless struggle with the United States rather than terminate, at their demand, a contest which was exhausting her resources, and wearing out her strength. The patience and self-restraint of a great nation, conscious of its own strength, and with a fixed determination not to take needless offence, enabled Great Britain to pass lightly over President Cleveland's amazing message to Congress, and Mr. Olney's hectoring despatch; but had there been any attempt to transmute words into action, neither the insignificance of the question at issue, nor the passionate desire of the people of Great Britain for the friendship of the United States, would have been sufficient to prevent a collision, the evil effects of which, whether it eventuated in actual hostilities or not, would have been felt in both countries for generations. It is matter for earnest thankfulness that vaporings of this sort have never been seriously acted on by any responsible authority; and that, with the single exception above mentioned, the official interpretation of the doctrine by the United States Government has been uniformly unexceptionable. *Esto perpetua!*

There are, however, certain contingencies, not perhaps very likely to occur, but not beyond the range of practical politics, in which the right application of the doctrine would require anxious consideration.

Wherever a civilized Power finds its territory conterminous with that of a semi-civilized one, all history shows that causes of quarrel are certain to arise, always from aggressions on the part of the latter, which can only be put an end to by a more or less veiled process of annexation. The extensions of Roman authority in Gaul and Germany, the gradual, and in great part unwilling, enlargement of the borders of British India, and, above all, the enforced advance of Russia in Central Asia, are all instances of this inevitable evolution. The westward progress of the United States themselves was partly due to the operation of similar

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causes. Now, the existing governments of the South-American republics are, with immaterial exceptions, so far of this nature that they cannot be depended upon to restrain their own citizens; and the more settled communities in their neighborhood can never be perfectly secured against unprovoked aggression and annoyance, aggression and annoyance necessarily calling for reprisals, and which might in certain possible events be remediable only by the supersession of the government of the offenders. Let us suppose such a state of relations to exist between the French colony of Cayenne and the neighboring districts of Brazil—over which the control of the government at Rio Janeiro is often merely nominal. The French authorities might very possibly find themselves entitled and obliged to apply to the United States the words of Aias to Odysseus,

ἢ μ' ἀνάειρ', ἢ ἐγὼ σέ.*

"Either take these people in hand yourselves, or let us do so in our own way." And the United States would be logically bound, in accordance as well with the dictates of international courtesy as the principle of the Monroe Doctrine itself, as authoritatively interpreted, either to acquiesce in the second alternative, or to assume a responsibility for the conduct of the supposed Brazilian marauders to which they were in no wise bound, and which they have always consistently repudiated. Which of these two courses they might choose to adopt in the imagined contingency would be matter for their consideration under the particular circumstances, but the validity and applicability of the Monroe Doctrine would remain unaffected in either event.

Again, the Dominion of Canada, in its relation to this doctrine, is an American, not a European, Power. The need of Canada at present is, and will probably be for many years to come, population not territory, immigrants not emigration; but that is a condition which can hardly, in the nature of things, be permanent. The country is filling up fast, not only by an annual influx reckoned in tens of thousands, but by the excess of births over deaths natural in a peaceful and prolific community; and a day will assuredly come, when a nation of from sixty to seventy millions will find even the expanse of British North America "too strait for" them, and will send forth their surplus population, as their fathers did before them, to seek "fresh woods and pastures new,"

* Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii., 724.

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wherever they can be found in the unsettled or half-peopled parts of the globe. It is in this manner that the waste places of the earth are subdued to the use of man; it is this spirit which has carried the people of the United States themselves from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, from the Rockies to the Pacific, dispossessing Indian and Mexican alike, and which will inevitably carry them further afield also, as soon as the pressure of a steadily increasing population has begun to make itself felt. But before that day can arrive, we may reasonably expect that the common sense and mutual courtesy of the peoples concerned will have moulded the then prevailing policy into a shape consistent, not merely with the interests, but even the susceptibilities, of the two great nations whose co-operation will control, whose collision would destroy, the future of the western world.

In the mean time, it is well to recognize unreservedly that the operation of the doctrine in question, as explained, not by vaporings of newspaper writers in the one country or by the cavillings of amateur critics in the other, but by the deliberate utterances of responsible authority, is a doctrine that makes for peace and progress, if for no other reason than because it tends to preserve a valuable heritage against the time to come from the strivings of ambition and the intrigues of diplomacy. Whoever else may be inclined to quarrel with it, it is unquestionably to the interest of Canada, and therefore of Great Britain, to uphold it in its entirety.

ALEX. EDW. MILLER.

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CERTAIN OF THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I LIKE a large loose phrase such as I have set over this paper, because, if it bags here and there, or is too long in the sleeves, or hangs off in the back, it can be fitted to the figure, with a little use of the shears; but if a phrase is too tight to begin with, if the coat is cut strictly according to a scant pattern of cloth, nothing can be done to adapt it; and if the wearer insists upon keeping it on, from motives of economy or modesty, the effect is, even if pathetic, ridiculous. One may say there is no Chicago school of fiction, but this might be as wanting in truth as my phrase is possibly superabundant in it. A good deal depends upon what one means by school, and if I mean by the Chicago school much the same as I should mean by the Boston school of poetry in the time of the great five or six poets of twenty-five years ago, or the Knickerbocker school when Poe and his contemporaries were living in New York, or the San Francisco school when Mr. Clemens and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, and Bret Harte, and others were clinging to the perilous incline of the Pacific Slope, then I think I am fairly justified in speaking of a Chicago school. Or if the reader wishes to be very fastidious, and denies to the notable group of Chicago writers, now doing rather more than their share of the best literary work in the country, the central unity which would constitute it a school, then I am willing to speak of the Mr. Henry B. Fuller school, the Mr. George Ade school, the Mr. F. P. Dunne school, the Mr. Will Payne school, the Mr. Robert Herrick school, and, by no manner of means least, though last, the Miss Edith Wyatt school. There are several other well-known writers of the same habitat, whom I might name a school

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for, if, with the perversity of strong convictions, I did not choose to ignore them because they are not realistic enough for my taste. I do not speak of the Mr. Hamlin Garland school, because he seems to me to belong farther West, though he has lived much of the time in Chicago; or of the Mr. Brand Whitlock school, because, though he received his training in journalism and political knowledge in Chicago, he now lives in Ohio; or of the Frank Norris school, because his young manhood was spent in California, though his birth and his formative years were Chicagoan. But I name all these admirable artists together, not only from a spirit of Mid-Western chauvinism, but in order to point the fact that there is no group in any other locality which will quite bear comparison with them. This should be enough to set readers in other sections against them, and to make my authors, each and all, wish that I had withheld such a damaging recognition of their excellence.

I.

The truth is, however, that I do not think I should be writing of them just now, if it were not for the pleasure, which I feel the need of expressing, lately given me by Miss Edith Wyatt's very delightful novel "True Love." If my pleasure is so great that it overflows in praise of her literary fellow-citizens, that may be regretted, but it cannot be helped; though it arises, I believe, from a charm in all her work which is peculiarly her own. This was something so exquisite in her first book, "Every One His Own Way," that the reader who felt it there, might well have trembled for the attempt to impart its delicate quality to a larger form than that of those sketches. But the author has made the attempt, and signally succeeded. Whatever amused the sense of humor, and took the fancy, and won the heart, in the friendly wit, the subtle playfulness, of the first book, is here no less in the second. The perfect sanity, the absolute wholesomeness, the fascinating common sense, are here the ground from which a flower of entire grace again springs fresh and fragrant. The author's work, so far, is the apotheosis of the democratic spirit; the material is what you please to call it. If you yourself have been so distinguished by your Maker as to have some essential difference from your fellow-creatures, you will think it very common; but if you are upon the whole not able to make out that yo-

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are better than most others, you will be disposed, as I am, to rejoice that the average of human nature is so apparently good, and kind, and beautiful as Miss Wyatt sees it. Not that she sees it all of an equal amiability or loveliness. There are several figures in "True Love," as in "Every One His Own Way," who are otherwise, though they are recognized with an irony so light and compassionate as never to find it out. There is a prig in "True Love" whom one loathes, but he does not know it; and there are some fools whom one loves and honors, and two or three gloomy frumps whom one is glad to meet under the protection of their often humorous and always good-humored relatives, who mostly prevail. The story is not as sure of its own mind as the conventional story is; it is like one's own story in not being certain of the relative importance of its different persons and events. First, there is the love of the dull but beautiful Inez Marsh and the prig Norman Hubbard, which might better be called their self-love; and then there is the love of Emily Marsh, the agreeable, sensible, rather pretty and charming girl, who almost knows how funny her father and her brother Tom are, and Dick Colton, the young enterprising hotel-keeper of Centreville, who has got himself forward while helping other people in every direction, and who is as common as the earth, and as good. Strangely enough, the lovers and self-lovers have families about them, and do not exist in the splendid isolation of romantic lovers; they have fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and the like, and these are not treated as mere pieces of mechanism for transacting the lovers' passion, or inhumanly slighted as such characters are by most novelists, but are admirably studied and found extremely interesting. The two Marshes, fathers respectively of Inez and Emily, are such quaint, true, wise, amusing Americans as make one glad and proud of one's country; their wives who rule and obey them, but are never in the joke of them, are of a precious and wholly satisfied commonplaceness which only Miss Wyatt (now Jane Austen is no longer writing) can give the sense of.

Miss Wyatt shows her rare gift in nothing more than in the portraiture of two or three half-grown boys, alarmed for the respectability of their families; and she gives us almost as novel a pleasure in the psychology of a little flirt, who might have remained harmless, but whose final selfishness precipitates the tragedy of her sweet-hearted, silly young husband, and who finds herself

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lifted to the height where she feels she ought always to have been, when her priggish brother-in-law, though he at first cruelly snubbed her, feels her fascination, at another's suggestion, and marries her. I should have been ready to say Fanny Colton was the great triumph of the story, if I had not thought in time of Emily Marsh, whose sense and kindness and unselfishness are quite as convincingly painted. But, so far as I could note, there was no erring in the touch with which any of the figures are done; the aged and middle-aged figures are ascertained with as fine a fidelity as those ridiculous and adorable boys. The perfectly sincere, but utterly affected author of the great romantic novel, "Chillingsworth," Thirly Thompson, is the most delicious fool in fiction since Mr. Collins, but he is a fool you give your heart to.

For my own comfort, perhaps, if I had been very exacting, I might have chosen to have the course of "True Love" run to its prosperous close, without any very tragic incidents. But I am obliged to own that hotels do burn down, and fine fellows lose their money in real life, and that dreadful things happen to the light of head and heart as well as to natures of weightier substances. I feel that therefore I must not shrink from these things in fiction, though they are not of such every-day occurrence as theatre-party dinners at Madam Hubbard's in Chicago, or dances at the Colton House in Centreville, or drives on the River Road, which I much prefer. The author, indeed, offers me compensation in a thousand little humorous touches throughout the story, and sets before me the untragedied average of the tale with such magic that I seem, with my own commonness, to be part of it: I know the other people in it do not think themselves too good for me; they are too kind for that. What I like nearly as much as I like them, is their fearlessly realized entourage, in Centreville as well as in Chicago. After all, nature is not such a bad model, even the nature which has not been in print before, and it is this sort of nature which Miss Wyatt daringly delights in. Her landscape is no more literary than her people are, and the motives she likes best to divine would be entirely novel if the reader did not recognize them in himself. If I am to descend to such poor particulars as her style and method, I must say that they have the same effect of originality; but, perhaps, if I came to examine them very minutely I should find them merely the

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technique which we all use when we are simplest and clearest, and not thinking about how finely we shall say things. In this relation, I am almost ashamed to note the little break she has made in writing the New England, or, more specifically, the Boston accent. The natives of that city replace our nerve-racking Western letter *r* by a sort of aspirate, and never by the Dundreary *w*, which she seems to think they use.

It is the only false note in the book, and I might not have been aware of it if the art had not been otherwise so faultless. The spirit is always delightful, and of all our women writers, except Miss Jewett alone, Miss Wyatt seems most to have the precious quality which we desperately call "temperament," because we cannot think of the true word, or because there is none. These two writers, so several in their inspirations, are alike in the gentle humanity of their ideal, and together they go far to console an age which has no Jane Austen of its own. More than any others now living, they approach that divine creature in her supreme charm; and, if Miss Jewett is likest her in the delicate humor which consists with certain little patrician preferences, Miss Wyatt is liker still in the fine irony which plays with its victim and finally lets it go alive, and even insensible of the peril escaped.

Miss Wyatt's humor is a little richer, or, if not quite that, then fuller, because of its fresher and more varied sources; or if that is not quite a reasonable saying, then because of that democratic kindness, that instinct of equality which is the sense of justice prevalent in everything she has done. This is the really valuable contribution of the West, and of that Chicago in which the West has come to its consciousness, toward that poor American condition of English literature which has long been trying so hard to be itself in the face of such sore temptations to be something else. The democracy which was the faith of New England became the life of the West, and now it is the Western voice in our literary art. Mr. Fuller, indeed, had to reason to his democracy through the misgiving inspired by the Beautiful in the lands of tradition and convention, and it is the chief wonder of his very extraordinary work that, after being a chevalier of vain thoughts, he should have become a fellow-citizen of such solid realities. If there were no Chicago novels but the "Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession," I should say there was

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a Chicago school of fiction. But when one can add to these Mr. Will Payne's "Money Captain," and that later story of his whose name, but not whose nature, escapes my decrepit memory, and the several novels of Mr. Robert Herrick, one feels safe against any adverse trial of one's conclusion. The peculiar Chicago note —I knew "note" would get in somewhere, it has been watching its chance from the beginning of this paper—is not less perceptible in the writer who came to Chicago full Boston-grown than in those to the manner born. The republic of letters is everywhere sufficiently republican; but in the metropolis of the Middle-West, it is so without thinking; it is so almost without feeling; and the atmospheric democracy, the ambient equality, is something that seems like the prime effect in literature of what America has been doing and saying in life ever since she first formulated herself in the Declaration.

II.

There is something a little militant, a little aggressive, which is in the end a little defensive also, in Miss Wyatt's fine mockeries of the prigs, who are so interestingly the Chicago analogues of the snobs of elder societies. But in Mr. George Ade the American spirit arrives: arrives, puts down its grip, looks around, takes a chair and makes itself at home. It has no questions to ask and none to answer. There it is, with its hat pushed back, its hands in its pockets, and at its outstretched feet that whole vast, droll American world, essentially alike in Maine and Oregon and all the hustling regions between: speaking one slang, living one life, meaning one thing.

It is, I think, Mr. Ade's instinct of our solidarity and the courage of his instinct which has enabled him to go straighter to the heart of our mystery than any former humorist. He has lost no time, he has made no false moves from the beginning, so far as one knows his beginning. I myself knew it in his "Artie," which I hailed, with what noise I could, as a masterpiece in a sort as new as it was captivating. In that very surprising study of the kind of common young American who is never commonplace, there was a touch as absolute as the material was novel. Both touch and material were as authentic and genuine in "Pink Marsh," the portrait of a Chicago *post bellum* negro, as Western conditions have differenced him from the Southern and earlier type; and again, one felt the fresh air in one's face, and the

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untrodden ground under one's feet in approaching the group at the Alfalfa Hotel, with that masterly figure of "Doc Horne" to welcome one with his courteous and friendly lies. Of course, this is not saying the thing, not giving the sense of character which so richly abounds without slopping into caricature in these pictures of an unerringly ascertained average of American life. No cataloguing of the excellencies of these books would give a notion of their people so frankly, so boldly and yet so delicately defined, so unmistakably shown, so undeniably true.

The level struck is low: the level of the street, which seems not depressed in the basement barber-shop where Pink Marsh polishes shoes, or lifted in the office where Artie talks to his friend and evolves himself and his simple love-story. It is the same level in the entrance floor of the Alfalfa, where Doc Horne sits with his forfuitous companions and harmlessly romances. You are not asked to be interested in any one because he is any way out of the common, but because he is every way in the common. Mr. Ade would not think of explaining or apologizing or at all accounting for the company he invites you to keep. He knows too well how good it is, and he cheerfully takes the chance of your not yourself being better.

It is his wonderful directness which is in case here, his perfect control in dealing with the American as the American knows himself. He does not prepare his specimens, or arrange a point of view for you. There the characters are, as they have walked in out of the sun, and they could not imagine your not being pleased to meet them. But you will make a great mistake if you fancy they are without refinement of their own, their point of honor. Artie is essentially as fine as he is frank. In the best things of a gentleman he is a gentleman. He is a fountain of slang, but his thought is as pure as any that flows from wells of English undefiled. Doc Horne is a lovable type of the older fashioned American with the elderly ideals of politeness, of chivalry, of personal dignity, which I do not believe even race suicide can obliterate in our nation, and his fellow-lodgers at the Alfalfa are worthy of his suave and gentle society: the Lightning Dentist, whose life amidst the extraction of thousands of teeth, is a dream of happy marriage; even the Book-Agent who is in lurking at the Alfalfa, pending his dream of happy divorce; even the poor Lush who in his cups first outrages and then

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cherishes the Doc; even the insufferable Freckled Boy, even the wretched Hustler who swindles Doc Horne into a guiltless complicity in his swindling scheme. But what dreadful things am I saying? That these frail fellow-mortals are of the great American family in which we are all one. Pink Marsh is the colored brother in this family, and I love him like the rest.

If we come to the Fables in Slang, as I am coming, we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them forming a splendid triumph on terms which might well have warranted defeat after the first twenty or thirty. But our life, our good, kind, droll, ridiculous American life, is really inexhaustible, and Mr. Ade, who knows its breadths and depths as few others have known them, drops his net into it anywhere, and pulls it up full of the queer fish which abound in it. There seems never doubt of a catch in his mind, and so far there has been no failure. The form of these fables helps itself out with capital letters such as the nouns and other chief words of the old printings of Æsop used to wear, and there is a mock moral tagged to each, but each is really a little satire, expressing itself in the richest and freshest slang, but of a keenness which no most polished satire has surpassed, and of a candid complicity with the thing satirized—our common American civilization, namely—which satire has never confessed before. I am trying to get round to saying a thing I find difficult: that is, how the author posits his varying people in their varying situations without a word of excuse or palliation for either, in the full confidence that so far as you are truly American you will know them, and as far as you are truly honest you will own yourself of their breed and more or less of their experience. I will not load up this slight paper with any statement or analysis of them; everybody has read them, and knows what they are, and how, while they deal with any or every phase of our motley yet homogeneous existence, they deal chiefly with its chief interest, as it is, or as it has been, which the author calls The Girl Proposition.

He gives that name to his latest volume of fables, but it is the nature of nearly all. Somehow, more or less, they centre in it. Sometimes it is the old-girl proposition: the relation of husbands and wives in marriage or divorce; but mainly it is the young-girl proposition, as it should be in a republic so pastoral as ours, where the innocent love-making, innocent however vulgar, of

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youthful unmarried people is the national romance. He divined that this was the great national concern, or else he has recognized it as such without being at the pains of any previous inspiration; and he has made it the ever-fascinating theme of his fables, as he had made it the theme of those earlier stories of his which one can hardly call novels. But even when the girl-proposition is not the theme of his allegory, it is so joy-givingly true to the circumstance and character which no one can deny, that when the fable comes with each successive Sunday paper, and you sit down to it, you are sure of five minutes away from all the tiresome unreality and pretence of the workaday week, and experience something of the bliss of looking at your own photograph, either as you once were or as you are now. So far as the girl-proposition involves the money-proposition, and it nearly always involves that more intimately or less intimately, the other great interest of our life enters into the scheme of Mr. Ade's literature. I mean the financial interest, which occupies us, never indeed exclusively of the girl-proposition, but antecedently and subsequently and concurrently. We are still, in spite of our multiplicity of millionaires, almost as universally concerned in getting on as we are in getting married or unmarried; and Mr. Ade knows this as he knows so much about us, without making any noise over his facts.

It would be interesting to know, but perhaps we never shall know—women are so reticent!—how much or little Mr. Ade's work pleases the sex with which it most interests itself, and perhaps most amuses itself. Here and there one of the hardier of the fair can doubtless be got to say that she adores it, just as some fearless, if faithless, women could be got to say they liked Thackeray in the simple-hearted old days when Thackeray was thought a cynic, and believed to be especially satirical of women. But probably, just as these were not too sincere in their profession, the female admirers of Mr. Ade's work are more courageous than veracious, if one may say such a thing without impeaching the veracity of the entire sisterhood. Possibly, if it were addressed to her personal candor, the magnanimous she might feel a delicious shock from his touch upon the defects of her qualities, or even the qualities of her defects; but I am obliged to believe that he must postpone an honest acceptance by the largest-reading sex to the production of some unblushing romance where he

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shall paint woman the heroine she really knows herself to be, even when she chews gum, and wears corsets that give the fashionable shape, and a picture hat that it is a pity should ever have escaped from the picture.

Nothing could be more mistaken than a criticism that gave the notion of satire in Mr. Ade's mirth, as satire used to be. He is without any sort of literary pose. It is very caustic mirth, it is sarcasm of the frankest sort; but I suspect he would not count it gain if his laughter lessened the folly in the world. Folly, I fancy, he does not think such a very bad thing, and it is always the more or less innocent types of folly that he deals with, even when depicting those guiltlessly familiar and helplessly fond phases of the girl-proposition which are more characteristic of our civilization than of any other. It is the note (the word insists again, as if it had not already had its innings) of so much of the proposition as seen in the humbler walks of our life, if any of our walks are humble, that we should be the sadder if Mr. Ade's gayety with it should abash the ingenuousness of so much American love-making.

III.

The wit of Mr. Ade has surprisingly little to do with the political proposition, which, equally with the girl-proposition, and rather beyond the money-proposition, occupies the national mind. Now and then, one of those luminous bolts of his wit lights up the political proposition with the glare of that awful knowledge of political ways and means to be acquired only in the newspaper school which trained him to literature. But otherwise his talent devotes itself to the girl-proposition, and to the money-proposition arising from it, and inalienably related to it. To supply the apparent defect of the Chicago school, and to carry forward a tradition of almost the greatest distinction in our self-study, and certainly of the earliest indigeneity, Mr. F. P. Dunne contributes his Dooley papers.

I have been reading the five volumes which these papers now fill, with the impression that there are not so many of them, and with a constant surprise that their very simple formula suffices for the treatment of so many of our social as well as political ills. There is always Mr. Dooley talking to Mr. Hinnessy, with much mention of a Mr. Hogan who never appears on the scene

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of the dialogue, if in Mr. Hinnessy's strict subordination it is not rather a monologue. The scene is Mr. Dooley's bar, where the action that passes consists of one or other of the friends standing up or sitting down, or folding or unfolding a newspaper. But the whole drama of the nation, and largely the drama of the world, is represented in that simple setting through the comments of Mr. Dooley on passing events. Hardly any of these have escaped his notice in the years that have followed since the Cuban war and our acquisition of the Philippines. Each of the salient facts of the protracted pacification of our Pacific possessions has offered itself for Mr. Dooley to hang some wise or witty remark upon; and the tragi-comedy of the Boer war, the novel posturings of the German Emperor in his continuous cake-walk, the saddened circus of the English King's coronation, the bouffe aspects of the Dreyfus Case, the performances of Lieutenant Hobson in his search for his level, the varied activities of Admiral Dewey, the mysterious and difficult nature of anarchism, the Chinese situation and the future of China, the insular decisions of the Supreme Court, Mr. Carnegie's gifts and the Booker Washington incident, are a few of the public interests which have joined with a hundred social and human interests in attracting the censure of the Irish-American sage.

By way of preface to the volume "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," Mr. Dunne, in as brilliant a little piece of analysis as I have lately seen (I like to put it modestly for him, or I should say, as I have ever seen), and in as graphic a study of conditions as I presently remember, tells in his own person what he knows of Mr. Dooley's nature and natural history. The humor, vibrant with a certain pride of race, and with a laughing consciousness of race-limitations, gives a captivating quality to this uncommon piece of self-criticism, but is to blame for leaving other criticism not so much to say of Mr. Dooley as it would like to say. It is at least left me, however, to venture upon the safe commonplace that no one but an Irish-American could have invented such an Irish-American, or have invested his sayings with such racial and personal richness. Dooley's characterization is, except in that preface, through his own talk, and the art of the author is felt in nothing so much as in his sensitive respect for Dooley's personality. Dooley is wise and shrewd and just for the most part; but from time to time he reaches a point where he is neither. He

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gives out, he breaks, and he saves himself from falling down by an effort of pure humor which wins your heart. Mr. Dunne knows Mr. Dooley's limitations, and he does not force him beyond them in the interest of the best purpose. He knows that there are moments when his philosophical spectator of events must lapse into a saloon keeper, and he guards the precious integrity of his creation from the peril of perfunctory humanity. It is upon a review of the whole course of Mr. Dooley's musings on men and things that one recognizes Mr. Dunne as of the line of great humorists who have not failed us in our crises of folly or misdoing. To have one's heart in the right place is much; it is, in fact, rather indispensable; but to have one's head in the right place, also, adds immeasurably to the other advantage. It was not only because Hosea Biglow had such a good conscience, but because he had such a lot of good sense, that he approved Lowell so fine a humorist; and the generous instinct of Mr. Dunne would have been lost in Mr. Dooley if he had not known how to keep Mr. Dooley strictly within bounds as a character, sometimes sordid and sometimes stupid.

It is this admirable artistic discretion that imparts such exquisite pleasure in some of those quick turns by which Mr. Dunne saves Mr. Dooley from himself. Mr. Dooley starts out with an opinion without always knowing where it will carry him, and then with the flash of his Irish wit lights himself past the peril and goes gayly on again. He had not the least notion when he began how he was going to get out of it, and, to tell the truth, I do not believe Mr. Dunne had. The Irish wit came to *his* help too; and I could fancy with what sympathetic exultation he shared in Mr. Dooley's triumph. This agile suddenness in seizing a disadvantage and making it work for the author's intention, is the difference that distinguishes Mr. Dunne's humor from Mr. Ade's. With Mr. Ade there is no arrest and no turning. He has seen the end clear from the beginning, and he has gone for it straightforward and unfaltering. When I read a fable beginning, "Once there was a gum-chewer named Tessie, who ironed up her white dress, and bought seven yards of ribbon, and went on a picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horseshoers Union," I am calmly glad in the security of a fully foreseen passage of life. When I read a Dooley paper I try to prepare myself for the delicious surprises which Mr. Dooley has in

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store for Mr. Dunne, but I am not sure of any of them till it comes. Then I know that it is of the last effect of subtle irony, and could not be better if it had been meant from the first.

IV.

At this belated moment, I am aware of having intended to be more general about the Chicago school, if there is one, than I am afraid I have succeeded in being. After all, however, these three Chicagoans whom I have been celebrating are those of the latest note, and two of them are of the widest note. It will be some time until the world, to the world's loss meanwhile, knows Miss Wyatt's charming work as it knows the work of Mr. Ade and Mr. Dunne. This delay will afford more academic criticism than mine the opportunity of counselling her to apply her kindly and humorous imagination to the portrayal of persons in good society, with an especially large range of *grandes dames,* and not to waste them upon the commonplace people she seems to prefer. She would at once do this if she were imbued with the confusion of the cultured reader who is gifted with the inability to distinguish between the plastic process and the plastic material, and who cannot be expected to value her as an artist while she presents to him in her fiction types that he would avoid in life.

There is perhaps, also, the opportunity of seriously asking Mr. Dunne how long he expects to keep on the mask of Mr. Dooley, and why he does not come into the open with a bold, vigorous and incisive satire of our politicians and their methods. In like manner, Mr. Ade might well be asked to stop fabling, and to give us that great American novel which we have been passing round the hat for so long. We should want something very strong from him; something full of passion and incident, with a powerful central motive of the wildest romance.

I should not feel that I had fully discharged my duty as a metropolitan critic without some such suggestions, and, as an adoptive New-Yorker of recent naturalization, I feel that I ought to assert the superiority of the commercial capital in a broad and comprehensive view of the literature which it has not produced. I am aware that there is every appearance in the writers of the Chicago school, always if there is one, of being ahead of New York in a direction where none, possibly, would be more surprised than Chicago to find them in the van. W. D. Howells.

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CASTRO: A LATIN-AMERICAN TYPE.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

THE rise of this uncouth adventurer from utter obscurity to a position where, as the events of the winter amply show, he is not only a menace to the development of South America but to the peace of the world, is a story upon which we may well ponder. It is not new, it is not unusual. Hardly a year passes but in one or the other of the so-called South-American republics a brigand chief proclaims himself Dictator, and by the automatic working of the Monroe Doctrine becomes our protégé before all the world. Among these adventurers Castro is distinguished by his undoubted courage and his undeniable ability. Unlike so many of the more common men of his stripe, he will never be contented with a residence in Paris and a calling acquaintance with the kings in exile and the refugee presidents that there abound. His ambition is real power and an authority not confined to Venezuela or to Colombia.

Five years ago, when the present Dictator was forty years of age, there were at least fifty self-styled Generals in the republic more prominent than he. Ignoring the etiquette of the revolutionary game, by assassinations, exiles and imprisonments he has thinned out the ranks of his competitors, and for the moment at least rules supreme over a subjugated people. In 1898 Castro was not only unknown, but his first essay in public life, as Senator to the Federal Congress from the Andine State of El Tachira, had been a failure. Little more is remembered of his appearance in the forum ten years ago than a personal idiosyncrasy. It is told of him that, when sitting down to his desk to draft a bill or engross a resolution he always took off his shoes and put on his black kid gloves, to the exquisite delight of the assemblage. Castro returned to the Andes with a great hatred of Cara-

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cas, where he had been snubbed, and of the men of the Matos and Guzman Blanco school who have their clothes made in France and ape the manners of the *Mousius* (as all foreigners are called by the Venezuelan peons), by whom he had been ignored. But the only capital he brought back with him, a grievance against the metropolis, was a political asset by no means to be despised, when we regard the political conditions that then obtained in those beautiful Andine provinces of Trujillo, El Tachira, and Los Andes which rise to mountainous heights along the Colombian frontier. The Andinos, for a generation at least, had been unfairly taxed and grossly exploited by the politicians of the capital. Their lot had practically been that of taxation without representation, Governors, treasurers, and the higher federal officers being sent out to them from Caracas, while their representatives in Congress, as had been the fate of Castro, were ignored. There is no doubt that, but for the memory of this generation of oppression, the Andinos would not have supplied Castro with those sturdy mountaineers, those short-swordsmen who have proved so superior to the sons of the hot country in the sharp hand to hand conflicts which spell war in Venezuela.

Once returned to his own people, Castro resumed his usual life. He had a small ranch near San Cristóbal on the Colombian frontier, and in the height of the coffee season he was generally hired by German merchants as a sampler of the Maracaibo bean that is as aromatic as the Arabian coffee praised by the Prophet. Whenever anything of political importance happened in either Venezuela or Colombia, Castro put himself at his ease and wrote a letter about it. Some of these would prove profitable reading to-day in Washington, especially those written about the Guiana question and the revelations made in them as to the true motives of President Cleveland's intervention. Curiously enough, up to the very moment when his rapid rise to power began, Castro never could decide which should be the scene of his exploits, Venezuela or Colombia. It was an incident of the cattle trade, or, as some say, of cattle stealing, that cast the die in favor of Colombia, and he became a Venezuelan. It had been the immemorial custom among the frontiersmen to avoid the tax collector. When that obnoxious individual appeared on the Venezuelan side, Castro and the other worthy ranchmen drove their cattle into Colombia, and *vice versa,* but the day of reckoning came when the collectors of

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the two countries conspired and appeared on the border at the same time. Castro's range was cleaned up by Venezuelan forces, and he, fighting for his own, narrowly escaped with his life. I say "for his own," though there is another story. Be this as it may, the herds were confiscated and Castro, having no other means of livelihood, raised the standard of revolt. He gave the affair a political coloring—and perhaps justly so—government as understood in Venezuela being simply a diplomatic discrimination among thieves, the fostering and the fattening of a chosen few, and the relentless pursuit of others who have neglected to placate the powers that be by a share in their plunder.

And now suddenly adverse Fortune became auspicious. Castro's neighbors rose like gudgeons or like cattle thieves, as some say they were, to the grandiloquent proclamation in which he declared a short-sword war against the outlander Government. Within a few weeks, his straw-shod companions having gained possession of the State capital, Castro was proclaimed president of the Andine province, and, circumstances favoring, he blossomed out as a prominent figure in federal politics. He was hardly seated in the saddle as dictator over the moss-troopers and border bushwhackers of El Tachira, before intimations reached him from Caracas suggesting possibilities far beyond his wildest dreams. Andrade was president; personally an honest and well-intentioned man, but singularly unpopular and inept, he had been in power some months striving for the right, and the moment had come to him, as it comes to every man who reaches the Yellow House, when it became apparent that he must either resign or pass over the real power, which means the right to plunder, to the military chieftains, without whose costly support it is impossible to rule in Venezuela under present conditions. Andrade hesitated and the military chieftains were hungry and furious; but Andrade had money, some of the best people in the land would support his cause with contributions, though never with their persons, yet as long as money was forthcoming fighting men could be procured from the Eastern States of the republic. Now, these Orientales are formidable in battle array. The Middle-Staters and the valley men, relaxed by the climate of the hot country, have a saying that the only troops who can face the men of the East are the sturdy Andinos of the West. Under these circumstances, the attention of the military chieftains naturally fell

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upon Castro, endeared to the Andinos by his local successes. He was invited to march upon the federal capital, and assurances of support were given him. It is clear that the purpose of the military junta was simply to use Castro to expel Andrade, and then they reckoned upon having no difficulty in getting rid of such a penniless country lout.

It was an emprise that appealed to Castro's spirit of adventure, a gambler's stroke he could not resist. So, one fine morning, with but eighty men, he started out on his long ride. There followed months of wilderness fighting, of which little is known. Castro opened the jails as he advanced from the Colombian frontier, and every outlaw in the land made common cause with him. In the first meeting with the Andrade forces, a lieutenant of the latter, who is, I regret to say, a West Point man, turned the artillery upon his own infantry and so the battle was won. At last Castro turned up, with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder, with six hundred hardy ruffians behind him, and sat down before Valencia, which Ferrer, now Minister of War, held with six thousand well-armed men at his command. He could have annihilated the Castro forces, but he did not like Andrade; and there was a conference, followed by what they call in the political parlance that there obtains a "transaction," which resulted in Ferrer going over to Castro with his whole army. The further journey eastward was prosecuted by the amalgamated forces with the new watchword, "God and the Federation," emblazoned upon their yellow banners. In due season, the pass of La Victoria, the key to the capital, the scene of so many stubbornly contested battles and of so many disgraceful "transactions," was reached. Here Mendoza was entrenched with a large army. Don Luciano is quite a character in Venezuelan politics. He is known as the Introducer of Presidents. He is a grizzled, venal, old war-horse, whose boast that he stays "bought" is not a mean one in view of the general behavior of his contemporaries. He also celebrated a conference with Castro and made his arrangements. He placed a special train at President Andrade's disposal and a leaky gunboat, and forty-eight hours' time to avail himself of both. When the clock struck the forty-ninth hour, true to his rôle and punctual to the minute, Don Luciano introduced the people of Caracas to their new President and Castro to his new home, the Yellow House.

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Of the Dictator's life, once in the saddle, I am able to give only the most concise account here. Not a week passed before the members of the military junta awakened to the fact that, in pushing forward the unsophisticated savage from the Andes, they had brought to light one of the ablest and most unscrupulous of the many banditti that Venezuelan political life has produced. They have all long since paid the penalty of their imprudence. Of his private life, I will say nothing, except that the feudal lords of old claimed over the souls and bodies of their serfs no right which the Dictator does not exercise daily over the people of his unfortunate land. I must also note in passing the physical phenomenon that, despite the enervating debauchery in which his days and nights are spent, whenever the critical moment presents itself, Castro has up to the present been able to meet it with a clear mind and unflagging energy. He has surrounded himself with new men principally recruited from the Andine provinces, his old cronies and *compadres,* and with other stray adventurers, such as another Mendoza who obliged him with a mule on a certain stage of his adventurous ride, and who is now Secretary of the Treasury, and the stout barber of Valencia, a breezy gossip, who is at present the chief of the Dictator's military house. Whether it be the personal fascination of the man, as some say, or the dread he has always inspired by his bloody revenges, it is certain that those he has taken into his confidence have for the most part stood by him steadfastly in dark days as well as bright.

Now and again it is suggested that the United States Government, having been successful in persuading the Powers to desist from summary proceedings, should go a step further and endeavor to secure an abatement of their claims. It is maintained by those who hold this view, that Castro is a well meaning man anxious to pay to the uttermost farthing, but that his powers are constitutionally limited, and that the judiciary and the legislature of the land have to be counted with. These statements are all misleading, and many of them intentionally so. Perhaps it will be as well to state here the relations that actually do exist between the executive and the legislature; they are certainly not those contemplated by the constitution. In the course of the hundred and twenty revolutions with which the history of the republic is scarred, a number of so-called "elections" have taken place, but in no single instance have the citizens participated. The police-

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men deposit the ballots as instructed, the Senators and the Members of the House being nominated by the military chief of the day. The President never confers with his cabinet or with the members of the legislative bodies. Last year, during the first session of the present Congress, it was pointed out to Castro that it would perhaps look better if, upon at least one occasion, the members of the *congreso* were welcomed to Miraflores. He accepted the suggestion, and the audience was fixed for a certain afternoon at two o'clock, the most "pernicious" hour, as the people of Caracas truly say, for calling. At the appointed time the men of the august body appeared. They stood around in groups for two long hours, at the end of which they were told that Castro did not propose to receive them.

Castro's relations with the Judiciary have been equally dictatorial. How likely the justices of the Supreme Court are to restrain his illegal acts, may appear from the following incident. In the fall of 1901, the Chief-Justice and his associates, in the performance of their duties as prescribed by law, made their annual visit to the Rotunda or general prison in Caracas. Among the other scandalous conditions which they brought to light, were the following: Over a hundred prisoners were in jail, held upon an executive order only, and not by due process of law. Of those who had been properly committed, two hundred were absent having bought their way out. The Chief-Justice, a worthy man who had been appointed by Andrade, proposed to demand an investigation, although none of his associates would sustain him. However, before he had taken any action, a paragraph revealing the conditions found appeared in "*El Pregonero,*" a fugitive, truth-telling paper, long since suppressed. On the following morning, the tribunal was invaded by soldiers, and a military commissary declared the court dissolved. A few hours later, all the justices received a curt notice of their removal from office. Even the Bar of Caracas was aroused, and it was resolved that no member of the Bar Association should accept the posts that had been vacated in this summary manner; however, the necessary quota of scamps was secured, and the Supreme Court resumed business. It is to this tribunal, I may point out in passing, that the Powers declined to submit their claims, greatly arousing the ire of the American editor thereby, though at the same time they secured the approval of every American resident in Venezuela.

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In the height of the excitement, there occurred an incident which shows conclusively how closely the Supreme Court is in touch with the political power. I feel all the more constrained to narrate this incident fully, because, owing to a widely circulated and misleading presentment of the facts, it has been most favorably commented upon. About this time, early in January, the American traders and merchants in Venezuela were heard from even in Washington. Their evidence was to the effect that one should submit to anything rather than go to court in Caracas. These statements produced uneasiness in Washington, which was communicated to Castro. Something had to be done, and this is what the Dictator decided to do. For ten years, there had been a claim made by a naturalized American against the Venezuelan Government for half a million dollars for damages caused by illegal cancellation of contract. The claimant was dead, and so was the claim, thought every one; but in this emergency Castro fished it up out of the dusty archives of the Supreme Court docket and in forty-eight hours the tribunal handed down a decision giving the claimant full damages. So imperious was the political necessity, however, that Castro cabled the decision to Washington twenty-four hours before it was rendered. While this act of righteousness has been widely praised in the United States, those acquainted with all the facts are now, if possible, more reluctant to appeal to Venezuelan justice than they were before the magnificent award was made.

It is quite true that many of the grievances and wrongs of which the Powers complain, and nearly all the debts under which the country groans and for which the foreigners ask payment, were incurred by Castro's predecessors. It is not true, however, that he never had a chance to pay, or the wherewithal to do it. By the singular fluke of fortune which I have outlined, Castro came into power under circumstances which were as enviable as they are unique in Venezuelan history. All the adventurers of his stripe are financed by the merchants of Curaçao or of Trinidad, who, as they take great risks, are not contented with small profits. Generally, when a revolutionist reaches the Yellow House, he finds that the resources of the country have been mortgaged for years to come. The Castro foray was not financed simply because his chances of success were deemed insignificant. The Andinos paid themselves at the expense of the people of Caracas, and

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there were places enough and to spare for his few lieutenants. Within six months after his seizure of power, Castro had a surplus of many millions at his disposal; the use he made of them is significant. No attempt was made to meet any of the foreign claims, or to pay interest on those which had been adjudicated. When one remembers how badly they had fared when the treasury was full one may perhaps find the explanation of the attack that was made by the creditor nations upon the coffers last December when they were empty.

With the millions that rolled in from the custom-houses Castro equipped an army of eight thousand men, which he sent into Colombia, ostensibly to support one of the many adventurers who were fighting for the Presidency there. His real purpose was, of course, to secure such a strong position in the neighboring republic as to make it easy for him to impose the federation, which is only the first step in his dream of conquest. On this expedition he sent but few of his Andinos; these he needed at home. Artizans and laborers were torn from their families to fill up the necessary quota. A man went to his work in the morning and never returned. With banners flying and drums beating, the expedition started on the long road to Bogota. Once in Colombia they met with defeat and were compelled to fall back across the Guajira peninsula, a retreat which Castro may well call his Moskowa. Out of provisions, and struck down by sickness and poisoned arrows, harassed day and night by the Indians who infest the savage recesses of this land, who crucified every straggler or prisoner that fell into their hands, of the eight thousand who marched away so bravely only four hundred broken down men ever reached their native land again.

Despite this fiasco, Castro, believing as he does that his "star is greater than Napoleon's," has not given up his plan of conquest in Colombia. Large sums of money that would go far to pay the foreign debt are being used by him to debauch Colombian politicians, and to pay his spies. His friends in Bogotá to-day are not in a majority; but it is quite certain that all the influence he wields is being exerted against the ratification of the treaty under which we secure the privilege of cutting the Panama canal at our own expense. Curious whirligig of politics! Our protégé at Caracas is our opponent in Bogotá.

Of my personal experiences in camp and capital during the last

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four months, while Venezuela was the cynosure of every eye, two scenes remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. I went to Puerto Cabello, that smiling haven near the Golfe Triste, a few days after the bombardment, filled with that indignation which swells the breasts of so many Americans whenever they hear that the cannon of the effete monarchies have been turned upon those moss-grown fortifications, behind whose protection we would believe that our South-American cousins are assiduously engaged in the cultivation of representative institutions. I went to blame; but, in view of the facts that were brought to my notice by many eye-witnesses of irreproachable character, I can only praise the English admiral for his moderation. The bombardment was provoked by the barbarous treatment, treatment that is simply untellable here, of the officers and men of the British merchant steamer "Topaze," not, as represented, at the hands of a low street-rabble, such as might in a moment of excitement get the upper hand in any port town the world over, but of officials and soldiers wearing the Venezuelan uniform and Castro's yellow ribbon. Times have changed since the stalwart days when England fought all the world because of Captain Jenkins's missing ear; but I am of the opinion that, if the exact facts as to the treatment of the men of the "Topaze" were known in London, public opinion would not permit Lord Lansdowne to sign milk-and-water protocols with the Power that permits such atrocities, even though thereby England escapes from the unpopular and unwise course which her common action with Germany in South-American affairs has entailed.

I was standing by the sea wall, in the square upon which each succeeding flight of adventurers are accustomed to engrave in golden letters the natal day of their government, and which the people of the port, to avoid confusion, call simply the Place of the Revolution once for all. Two old gentlemen in threadbare frock coats joined me, and together we looked across the turquoise waters of the strait to where the Fort of the Liberator lay in ruins. Its walls were breached, its guns dismounted. There, before us, all the secrets of the castle which, named in honor of the Liberator, had in reality served as a place of political bondage, were laid bare. The soft languorous winds blew through the stifling galleries where many a man had died the most horrible of lingering deaths; the blessed sunlight, at first timidly it seemed,

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crept into the damp and noisome places, and revealed to us the heavy inquisitorial chains which the prisoners had borne by day and by night. Suddenly, the more elderly of my unknown companions raised his hat and turned away. His eyes rested upon the line of blockading vessels, and then he lifted up his arms like some prophet of old. I expected to hear a denunciation of the modern vandals such as is daily printed in the official press, and I could not have believed my ears had he not repeated his statement so many times: "Blessed, blessed be the strangers!" he said, "for they have taken pity upon us and destroyed our Bastille." And then the old gentlemen, embracing one another, hobbled away. One of them, as I afterwards learned, had spent ten years of his life in the dungeon. The son of the other had been done to death there at Castro's command. I do not mean to say that the sentiments which they expressed are those of a majority of the people; but I am entirely convinced that they are those of a large and most respectable minority.

Many men, with whose views I am generally in agreement, have stated that in South America they never heard a word of praise of the Monroe Doctrine, whether from native-born or immigrant. This was also my own experience except on one occasion, and I do not care to accept the responsibility of suppressing either the names or the circumstances connected with the incident. After years of patient diplomacy, finding all their efforts to obtain justice and reparation for wrongs done their nationals of no avail, when I reached Venezuela stern measures of coercion had been adopted by three of the leading World Powers. The coast was blockaded; and, in the port towns, fifty per cent. of the improvident population was already face to face with starvation. In Caracas, generally so rich and opulent, there was also suffering. The capital was not only cut off from the outside world by the foreign squadrons, but the rich back-country, whence provisions are drawn in ordinary times, was in the hands of the Revolution. The diplomatic problem that confronted Venezuela was involved, the domestic situation was simply appalling. "And where is Castro?" I asked, "that sturdy American who would not bend the knee to European oppression, as the papers say." Well, he was away on a "picnic," I learned, at La Victoria. He would spend a week there, in debauchery, the tongue of scandal (as I then thought) whispered. Only half believing, I followed the

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trail of the Dictator down to the orange groves on the border of the *tierra caliente*. There I found him guarded by his soldiers, surrounded by the Yellow House gang composed of debauched and dishonored men and outcast women—his only willing associates. It was a sharp transition. I had come from where thousands were starving to a camp where champagne was flowing like water, where the extravagant saturnalia continued day and night, though only a few yards away lay the unburied bodies of the stolid, ignorant Andinos who had died but a few weeks before to keep the Dictator on his throne.

I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye. I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. "But why should you wonder?" said Castro, noting my surprise. "Our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, our rôle is finished and the fighting must be done by *el tio Samuel*. All the papers in the case I have given to your minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney." "Yes, *viva la Doctrina 'Monroey'!*" exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muleteer whom Castro has made Secretary of the Treasury. "It spares us sleepless nights and gives us time for *bailes*."

Well may they call it blessed, the Monroe Doctrine! It is better for them than an army with banners, because it never requires either black beans or straw shoes, and it is more serviceable than a squadron of battle-ships because it never gets out of repair.

In 1826, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution *àpropos* of the Panama Conference. In it the opinion was expressed that the United States ought not to form any alliance with all or any of the South-American republics, that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such manner as their feelings of friendship toward their sister republics and as their honor and policy might at the time dictate.

This is statesmanship; this is the American policy. The Secretary of State who will endow it with the breath of life will conserve our interests and dispel the most threatening cloud upon our future. The man who will do this will deserve well of the people of North America, and rescue the people of South America from a despotism to which there is nothing comparable in the history of the Holy Alliance or the House of Bourbon.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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NAVY LEAGUES.

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. H. GIBBONS, U. S. N.

THE recent organization of a Navy League in the State of New York is the beginning of a movement that ought to arouse enthusiasm throughout the United States, and bring to the aid of the navy a stronger public opinion. Our political organization is such that the centres of effort can be uniformly distributed over a large geographical area, from town to district, from district to State, and from State to nation, until, by a gradual process of education, our people will be able to formulate intelligently, forcibly and patriotically such measures as are needed to secure an adequate navy. Lord Salisbury, while Prime Minister of England, made the statement that the defence of a country is not the business of the government but of the people themselves. If this theory be true, we may reasonably suppose that, when the people of the United States make the navy a part of their daily business and cease to regard it as a valuable asset only in time of panic, Congress, in its wisdom, will record their will in the form of necessary laws.

The first Navy League was established in England in 1894. Its general aims, as set forth in the constitution, are, (1) to spread information showing the vital importance to the British Empire of the naval supremacy upon which depend its trade, dominion, and national existence; (2) to call attention to the enormous demands which war would make upon the navy and to the fact that the navy is not strong enough to meet them, and at all times to point out any shortcomings in this respect; (3) to call attention, from time to time, to such measures as may be requisite to secure adequate preparation for the maritime defence of the Empire; (4) to urge these matters on public men and, in

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particular, upon candidates for Parliament, but at the same time to keep the league distinct from all party politics.

In carrying out these aims, the plan of action is partly educational and partly political. The educational part consists in circulating books and pamphlets showing the need of naval supremacy; in presenting copies of more important books to Chambers of Commerce, public libraries, and similar institutions; in reprinting and issuing selected passages from some of these books; in publishing original essays; in forming a library of reference and collecting all material bearing upon the business of the League; and in arranging a course of lectures given under the auspices of the League in the principal towns of the United Kingdom. The political part consists in preparing test questions to be put to candidates for Parliament and in arranging for public meetings in support of its aims.

The example of England was followed in 1898 by Germany. The German Navy League has one great advantage over that of England—it has the strong support of the Government. The enthusiasm of the Emperor has been a powerful factor in developing naval sentiment in Germany, and the agitation has been so widespread and well organized that the results have been phenomenal. The "British Navy League Journal," in discussing this rapid growth, said:

"One can acquire an adequate conception of the activity of the German League by learning that, at its offices at Berlin, 40 men are employed in winter and 30 in summer; that, every day, about 300 letters and 150 parcels are posted; that the conferences held by its propagandists throughout Germany reach the enormous figure of 3,000; that 5,000 mutoscopic views have been exhibited in various railway stations in the Empire, and that even restaurants and bars have been opened where the attendants are dressed as sailors, and the walls hung only with pictures relating to maritime subjects. The League has laid even jewelry under contribution for its propaganda. Special articles of jewelry have been made specially for the league; *i. e.*, scarf-pins, trinkets, earrings, bracelets, and necklaces have been sold in quantities by German jewelers, who pay the League a percentage on the right of reproduction.

"And thus, even to the very head of the great Continental Empire, the people—who have never seen the sea-coast, who, till a few years ago, had never dreamed of great naval power for Germany—now speak with enthusiasm and assurance of battle-ships and cruisers, of military and naval manœuvres, both of which they follow with equal interest, and pride themselves as a nation on their great maritime power, which is to be the strongest bulwark of a still 'Greater Germany.'

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"The German Navy League can, therefore, fully claim to have accomplished its object; to the state is due the credit of having created a powerful fleet; to the League the credit of having increased that power and of having rendered it national."

France, Spain, and Italy have organized Navy Leagues, the last-named having, in addition, formed an alliance with the League of Germany to promote the common object of "the development of maritime commerce and the increase of the naval strength of the two countries in order to contribute to the maintenance of universal peace." The constitution of these Leagues is similar to those of England and Germany, but in some cases the aims are enlarged to include such kindred matters as the development of the merchant marine, the increase of submarine telegraph communications, the encouragement of fisheries, the diffusion of maritime sports, the building of ship canals, and the commemoration of great naval anniversaries. In France, the League receives the active support of the Government, and all officers and men of the navy are authorized to join the same and to further its interests.

The great barrier to the success of a Navy League in the United States, if this League is to be modelled after those of European countries, lies in the fact that the navy is practically debarred from participation in public affairs. With the army it is different. The bond between generalship and statesmanship is strong. The army has time and again furnished a Chief Executive to the nation, and the soldier has always been powerful in public councils. But the sailor is an exile, often on distant seas, and his spokesmen are not of his own cloth. There has been no Beresford, as in England, no Aube, as in France, no von Tirpitz, as in Germany,—men to whose title of Admiral might be added that of Naval Counsellor, whose voices have been heard, not only on the quarter-deck, but also in the halls of legislation.

In England, there has arisen a class of writers, who, if they are not equipped for grappling with purely technical matters, are constantly discussing, in their contributions to the press, questions of naval policy and administration. Among these are Sir W. Laird Clowes, Arnold White, and Archibald H. Hurd. The first-named does not hesitate to attack the types of ships designed by Sir William White, late Director of Naval Construction in the British Navy, and has called forth from the latter a series of

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letters to *The Times* which have irreverently been called an *apologia*. Arnold White has started a crusade for better gunnery, and in the writings of Archibald Hurd we find such interesting captions as "The Functions of the Navy," "Distribution of the British Squadrons," and "The War Readiness of the Fleet." This school of pamphleteers has for its object a constant prodding of the Board of Admiralty, and a demand for publicity in order that weakness may be exposed rather than that excellence may be rewarded. Their campaign has led to a retort from Arnold Forster, Secretary to the Admiralty, who says that the British Navy has two classes of enemy—those who say that the navy is all wrong, all rotten, and not to be depended upon in time of war; and another class, more numerous and more dangerous, who say that the navy is all right, and that no one need trouble his head about it.

Possibly the naval critics in our own country come under what Arnold Foster considers the more dangerous class, for a spirit of optimism pervades their contributions to the public prints and superlatives are common. This is to be expected in a young and growing country and is only a sign of the buoyancy of our national spirit, which recognizes that we are destined to be great. The fact that, in the Spanish-American War, we won a quick and decisive victory over a vastly inferior foe has led to the false notion that we are invulnerable, and in the resulting jubilation we have lost sight of another fact, namely, that a sudden development of naval strength is impossible; that we need a continuity of preparation, including, as this does, a well-ordered increase of material and a corresponding increase in personnel. Benumbing self-complacency must give way to constant activity if naval expansion is to keep step with industrial and commercial progress. It has been said by a recent writer in the *National Review* that, "except in moments of great passion, democracy is apt to concentrate its interest upon internal affairs, while its statesmen live absorbed in trifles." While, as a nation, we may not have moments of great passion, it is none the less true that a strong feeling is aroused whenever the Monroe Doctrine is attacked, and the concentration of interest upon internal affairs gives way to legislative liberality in appropriations for ships and men.

The proper field for a Navy League in this country would, therefore, seem to be the maturing, through a campaign of educa-

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tion, of a strong public sentiment in favor of a navy adequate to meet all the demands that the growing nation may make upon it. The navy itself has only recently been aroused to the consideration of the broad principles of a naval policy. From 1814 until 1898, peace had been maintained with European nations; and, although the Civil War and the war with Mexico called the navy into action, it was against foes that were powerless on the high seas. From 1865 to 1882 was a period of naval decay; but the small band of naval officers that survived the ruthless cutting down of their numbers struggled to keep alive the traditions of their calling, although our old wooden ships were the laughing-stock of the other nations. The Naval War College was established at Newport in 1884. From 1882 until the outbreak of the Spanish War, modern steel ship-building brought all the technical talent of the navy into close connection with the captains of industry, and the development of naval material absorbed the entire attention of the nation without a thought of the increase in trained officers and men that was a co-ordinate necessity. The industrial interests could easily secure large appropriations for ships, but the naval interests could barely extort an extra penny for men. Not until the end of the Spanish War was the necessity for a consistent naval policy made evident, and this led to the establishment of the General Board.

Captain Mahan—himself once President of the War College, and during the Spanish War a member of the Board of Strategy, the latter a forerunner of the General Board—has, in his writings upon the history of sea-power, given his fellow-countrymen a deep well of information from which all may draw. As has been said in a recent essay by Captain Bacon, of the English Navy, every one can appreciate strategic principles—they are few and patent to every laymen; "but," he adds, "they are not strategy; strategy is the assessment of the existing conditions and the application of principles to them; the focussing of the military state, the relegation of all events and conditions to their proper perspective, and then the application of principles to movements quantitatively assessed and co-ordinated." This definition may appear complex, but it is apparent that the duties therein outlined must fall upon the nation's chief naval advisers; in other words, upon the Naval War College and the General Board. As time goes on, we may hope for the organization of a

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General Staff, similar to that now existing in Germany, where a consolidation of naval counsellors makes for an easier and quicker "focussing of naval opinion." To the Navy League, made up as it probably will be of men who by education and association are in sympathy with the ideas and aims of the navy, and who have faith in the good judgment of its administrators, should fall the important missionary work of spreading the naval propaganda among the people at large; of creating a strong public opinion that should begin in the school-room and end with "the man in the street"; and, finally, of establishing that community of interest which makes preparation for the maritime defence of vital importance to every good American. This is a work from which the naval officer, by the very nature of his profession, is debarred. The navy welcomes criticism, but it will be well to bear in mind Sir William White's closing words in his reply to the English pamphleteers:

"Lack of confidence and unrest are injurious factors in public opinion, and they act and react on responsible officials; critics should be both mentally endowed and educationally equipped to justify authoritative statements on abstruse subjects."

If we are careful to exclude such methods as do not appear to be in harmony with the spirit of our institutions, it is not difficult, from the considerations above enumerated, to outline a general scheme of educational work for a Navy League, after an analysis of the practice in European countries. The more important duties may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. Conferences with superintendents of public instruction, principals of schools and other educators, in order to arrange a course of instruction by means of prize offers, etc., that will awaken a lively interest in the navy, beginning with toys of the kindergarten, fashioned after naval models, and working up through the stage of sea stories and nautical adventures to that of comparative history and the influence of sea-power.

2. Co-operation with lyceums and lecture bureaus, in order to arrange for a course of lectures, under the patronage of the League, in towns and districts remote from the sea-board.

3. Printing and circulating books and pamphlets that set forth the need of a strong navy; offering prizes for original essays on naval subjects not strictly technical; presenting copies of more

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important works to schools and public libraries; and furnishing the local press with naval items of contemporary interest.

4. Encouragement of the naval militia and of naval reserves.

5. Co-operation with Chambers of Commerce, ship-building interests, marine underwriters and other organizations interested in the building up of our merchant marine, and close association with all organizations that look to the betterment of the condition of American seamen.

6. Careful study of all interior waterway improvements and of proposed canal construction, with a view of emphasizing the fact that their strategic importance should have equal weight with their commercial advantages.

7. The commemoration of naval anniversaries by appropriate ceremonies and the erection of suitable monuments, statues or tablets to honor the memory of our naval heroes.

These are, in brief, the suggestions that come to us from a study of the methods of Navy Leagues in other countries. The American sense of humor is so keen that it would not permit us to follow Germany to the extent of having "restaurants where the attendants are dressed as sailors," and anything that suggests claptrap might amuse but it would not instruct. Education is the great lever in any national movement, and American *individualism* can only be centered upon any national policy by appeals to its common sense. In entering upon this work the organization might well adopt as its motto a paraphrase of that of the Navy League of Great Britain:

"A strictly non-party organization to urge upon the people the paramount importance of an adequate navy as the best guarantee of peace."

J. H. GIBBONS.

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PRESENT TENDENCIES OF RUSSIAN POLICY.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RETIRED.

THE May festivities in St. Petersburg commemorating the northern capital's foundation two centuries ago by Peter the Great; the Emperor's proclamation of internal reforms; the part Russia is playing in the Balkan peninsula, with the co-operation of Austria and the support of France, Germany and England; and, finally, recent developments in Asia, including the visit of Minister Witté to the Far East, make a general view of the tendencies of Russian policy at once interesting and important.

In the two centuries whose lapse is recalled by the St. Petersburg celebrations, we may mark three great vital movements of the Russian Empire: first, the struggle towards the Baltic, and the conquest of an outlet to the North Sea, which gained for Peter his title of The Great; second, the fight for the Black Sea, which gained a like title for the Empress Catherine; and, third, the great achievement which we ourselves have witnessed, the final establishing and confirming of Russia's power on the Pacific, through the completion of the Siberian railway, and the effective occupation of Manchuria. Russia will presently find her way southwards to the Persian Gulf, thus completing the outline of her Empire, and gaining access to the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the Mediterranean.

This will mark the coming of age of the Empire; and thereafter the great changes will be along the line of internal growth, moral, religious, political, commercial and industrial. This brings us naturally to a consideration of the Emperor's recent proclamation, which introduces the principle of heightened individualism and greater personal freedom into both the religious and the civil life of Russia, and thus marks a decided approach to the ideals of the West. In the Emperor's proclamation, there

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are seven chief points, each being rather a declaration of principle than a statement of law. The ministers are directed to frame laws embodying these principles, and it is evident that the whole process of change and development will have to be spread over several years.

The first principle affirmed by the Tsar is religious toleration, and about this much has recently been printed which exemplifies "the heresy of insufficient information." Russia has always asserted the principle of toleration, and has allowed complete freedom of worship not only to other Christian communions, such as the Roman Catholic or the Lutheran, but has conceded the same rights to Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists and pagans, all of whom are largely represented within the bounds of the Empire.

The real point at issue has been touched by a recent writer in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*,—and we may note, in passing, that the free discussion of matters of this sort in Russia is symptomatic, and shows a much larger degree of tolerance than we are accustomed to attribute to her. The fundamental law of religious liberty in Russia assures to every one, of whatever faith, the right "to worship according to the rites of his forefathers"; and all religious difficulties in Russia have turned on the interpretation of these words. The extreme ecclesiastical party in the Russian Orthodox Church has interpreted them to mean that a member of the Orthodox Church must remain a member of the Orthodox Church, that he must continue to "worship according to the rites of his forefathers." Hence have grown up a number of stringent regulations, whose purpose is, to prevent apostasy from the national Church, to use a phrase which embodies the feelings of the ecclesiastical party.

In justice to millions of devoted members of the Orthodox Church, we must remember that that church has grown up with the nation, taking its temper and color from the genius of the nation, and therefore expressing in its forms and ritual the national imagination and the national psychic character. It therefore seems to the extreme ecclesiastical party, of whom Pobyedonostseff may stand as the type, that the Orthodox Church is the soul of Russia, and that any diminution or detriment suffered by the Church is a direct blow at the life of the nation. Add that, for the Russian, the nation is predominant over the individual, and we can at once realize the thoughts and motives of the ex-

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treme eccelesiastical wing in Russia. Another example of the same spirit is to be found in Father John of Cronstadt, a man of saintly and most charitable life; but who, nevertheless, openly declares his belief that Count Tolstoi is Antichrist, an incarnation of the evil one. This, of course, because Tolstoi has attacked the Church, its priesthood, doctrines, rites, and even sacraments.

A test case was recently made in the person of Prince Gagarin. He had, like Tolstoi, ceased to give his adherence to the national church, and had, nevertheless, been elected to fill a popular office in his district. His election was opposed on the ground of his apostasy; and the case went up to the Emperor. The decision of the Emperor was, that no action should be taken, either against Prince Gagarin, or against his election; and, by this precedent, the principle of liberty to secede from the national church was constructively established. The tendencies inaugurated by the recent proclamation will, doubtless, work in the same direction.

The second declared purpose of the Tsar's proclamation is, to strengthen the position of the rural clergy in Orthodox districts; and this will, doubtless, be accomplished by demanding from the rural clergy a higher degree of education and enlightenment, better fitting them for their responsible position. For the ideal Russian village priest is the moral law-giver of the village, in a degree which we, with our material and individual civilization, can hardly realize. There is so much in the teaching of the Church, with its doctrines of resignation, submission, and the ideal of the New Testament, which is profoundly sympathetic to the Russian character, that the mujik takes his religion and his church much more seriously than, let us say, the English or American farmer or agricultural laborer. The purpose of the proclamation evidently is, better to prepare the priest for this position of moral law-giver, by a larger education, a greater acquaintance with the thought and life of the modern world.

The remaining five propositions of the proclamation deal with problems of civil life and internal administration, which are very likely to be unintelligible to us unless we know a good deal of Russian history, and, further, of the steps that have already been taken to modify the former condition of things, in the years following the first great change—the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861. We shall confine ourselves to pointing out that the same principle of heightened individual responsibility, or, to put it in

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another way, of greater freedom, shows itself in each of these five propositions; just as it shows itself in the first two, giving greater freedom of choice in the form of worship, and placing greater responsibility on the rural priests.

The first of these five provisions has to do with a state of things becoming very intelligible to us, through coming legislation for Ireland; a state of things which has long had its parallel in India. In Ireland, the state is about to issue large loans, for a specific purpose, to the cultivator class, on the security of their land; in India, the government has for years made a practice of lending money to the agricultural class, under certain conditions. The same practice exists in Russia; the state takes it upon itself to advance money both to the peasants and to the landowners, on the security of crops and lands, and the Emperor affirms this principle, and wishes it to be more extensively and thoroughly applied in the future.

The next proposition refers to the village community of Russia, an institution once universal among the Aryan peoples, and still full of vitality among the Slavs. Indeed, it may be said, that much of the theory of modern socialism is simply a widened application of the Slavonic village community idea. The Emperor now affirms the inviolability of the communal land, but at the same time urges legislation "facilitating to every peasant individually the means of leaving the community." This, like the assertion of freedom of conscience, is most significant of the new tendency towards heightened individualism in Russian national life.

The next provision is of like nature. Formerly, the village community, as a whole, was responsible for the imperial taxes. This bore heavily on the better and more provident members, who found themselves obliged to make up the deficiencies of the lazier and less competent. The Tsar now urges his ministers "to take measures for the abolition of the collective guarantee, so onerous for the peasants."

Then comes a provision advising the strengthening of the two instruments of local government. To make this intelligible, we must remember that Russia is divided into a number of "governments" which are comparable to our States; the chief difference being, that the governor is, as we should say, a federal, and not a State official, in Russia. Each State, or, to use the Russian

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name, each "government," has its elective body, or "zemstvo"; with certain powers of taxation, and certain well-defined fields of work, such as the maintenance of schools, hospitals, roads, bridges, and so on; a range of local utilities to be carried out by local and elective authority. The "governments" are further divided into "districts" corresponding to our counties; and these also have their electoral zemstvos, from which the members of the State zemstvos are chosen, much as our State legislatures choose our federal senators. The Emperor now wishes "to re-organize the 'government' and district zemstvos, or electoral bodies, in order that these local authorities may be in a position to attend more directly to the many needs of rural life." In other words, we have something similar to the establishment of the County Councils in Ireland, a mild form of Home Rule. Further, and this is most significant, these local parliaments are to report direct to the Emperor, and not to the Minister of the Interior.

Finally, the Emperor wishes to bring into harmony the zemstvos and the parish councils, local electoral bodies of another character. There has been a keen rivalry between the agricultural zemstvos and the parish councils, each being inclined to stretch its authority at the expense of the other, and both have been weakened by this tendency. The Emperor evidently wishes to bring them into closer relations and more united action; and thus, by drawing these two local representative bodies together, to strengthen the principle and the application of local self-government.

We have seen that the "government" or State electoral bodies are made up of representatives chosen from the district or county electoral bodies. It does not need a great stretch of imagination to picture a still larger representative body, whose members should be drawn from the "government" or State electoral bodies, and which should thus form an electoral assembly for the whole Empire. It may be expected that, in the natural course of things, such an imperial representative body will be formed; and this will mark the point of meeting between the Eastern and Western ideals, the collective and the individualist consciousness, the Slav and the Teuton. But this is a degree of evolution which has not yet been reached.

The Emperor, therefore, as voicing the general consciousness and will of the nation, has declared for heightened individual power and responsibility in several different regions of national

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life: in the field of religious consciousness; in the communal village life; in the system of local self-government. His proclamation is analogous to a Presidential message to Congress, rather than to a law; he urges his ministers to develop these points in laws, which have still to be drawn up. When they are agreed on by the Council of Ministers and signed by the Emperor, it will be time enough to go more into details. The principle is clear enough already, and we must be content, for the present, with outlining the principle.

It is in the highest degree interesting to find Russia thus committed to the principle of heightened individualism at the very time when our own country is embarking in a series of enterprises of the opposite tendency: the state control of commercial enterprises, the collective control of individual commercial undertakings, and the gradually growing application of the collective principle, both for capital and for labor; and, in foreign policy, the assertion of a certain collective interest and responsibility among all the republics of the New World; a solidarity, as against individual responsibility or initiative.

To turn now to the tendencies of Russian policy in the Balkan peninsula. In a previous study of the Macedonian question, I pointed out several general truths, bearing on this question, which may be briefly referred to again. First among these is the race question in what we call Macedonia, though the title Macedonia is very misleading. It is applied to three of the six provinces of European Turkey; the remaining three being Adrianople, and the two which we group under the name of Albania, namely Scutari and Janina, the latter directly south of Servia, the former touching Greece.

The remaining three provinces, Salonica, Kossovo and Monastir, are, therefore, wedged in between predominantly Turkish and Mahometan Adrianople on the east, and almost equally Mahometan Albania on the West. The Albanians are supposed to be the descendants of the early Pelasgians, who were displaced by the Hellenes, when Hellas first came into national existence. Be this as it may, the Albanians are a strong and formidable element in the Balkans, and their alliance with the Turks is somewhat unstable and accidental; they are not so much the friends of the Turks, as "the enemies of their enemies."

We group the three provinces of Kossovo, Salonica and Monas-

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tir under the general and inaccurate name of Macedonia—a title which is unfortunate, as it suggests Greek history and Hellenic affinities to the south, whereas the real historical and race affinities are Slavonic, and northern. These three provinces have a population of about three millions, divided nearly equally between them; and this population is Slavonic in the main, somewhat more closely united to the Bulgarian Slavs, and, like them, adhering to the Eastern Church.

There are fine epochs of history behind these South-Balkan Slavs. At one period, they formed part of a great Old-Servian kingdom, with a wonderfully interesting civilization and tradition; at another, they were joined to an Old-Bulgarian monarchy, also rich in fine historic episodes. There is, therefore, a keen rivalry, with much heated feeling between the shrunken modern states of Servia and Bulgaria, for their possession; each claiming the three provinces, wholly or in part, on the ground of former historic occupation. In general, one may tell a Servian from a Bulgarian by the family name, the Servian names ending in "ich," meaning "the son of," while the Bulgarian names end in "off" or "eff," meaning "belonging to." Thus Ristich is a Servian, while Sarafoff is a Bulgarian.

Whether predominantly Servian or Bulgarian, however, and they are evidently the latter, the inhabitants of the three provinces are undoubtedly Slavs of the Eastern rite, and therefore bound by ties of race and faith to Russia; by ties which the Russian people is the first to feel and acknowledge, always speaking of these Balkan kinsmen as "the younger brothers." Equally undoubted is it that these younger brothers have suffered unnumbered evils at the hands of the Mahometans, whether Turk or Albanian, as the Russians themselves suffered for centuries under the Tartar yoke. The desire to see their kin free and independent is, therefore, one of the deepest forces in the Russian heart; and it is infinitely more a popular and universal aspiration than a plan or ambition of the Russian government.

In the last Russo-Turkish war, Russia, carried along by a tide of national feeling, of religious enthusiasm, accomplished miracles of valor and suffered endless hardships and losses, in the effort to bring freedom to all the Balkan Slavs,—in this only following out the tendencies and policy of centuries; a policy to which Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania owe their national existence, while

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Montenegro owes its conservation and freedom to the same protecting power. I have already shown how Russia's sacrifices were rendered nugatory by the Berlin treaty, and how the three provinces, set free by her, were once more thrust under the heel of the Turk by the action of Germany, England and Austria.

This is, of course, the one and only cause of the "Macedonian Question"; and, once we have understood this much, it is easy to see why Russia has taken her present attitude, and embodied it in the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding. Russia has already undertaken one crusade for the sake of the Balkan peoples. Her work was undone by the Powers. It therefore rests with the Powers, and not with her, to make effective reparation, to secure the ill-starred populations of the three provinces from further evil.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to say that the Powers themselves seem at last to feel this; that Austria has taken the initiative in acting with Russia, thus setting an admirable example, followed first by France, England and Italy, and later by Germany. There is every reason to hope that this joint action will be as fully successful and as salutary as was the like action in the case of Crete, which is now enjoying comparative peace and well-being.

The recent outbreak in Albania has shown the determination of the Russian government to find a peaceable solution of the Balkan question. The causes and probable direction of this outbreak were sketched in my article on Macedonia, and, as events have unhappily shown, with prophetic exactness. It was said there that the old feudal chiefs of the Albanians, stanch and stiff-necked Mahometans, were determined to resist the establishment of a Russian consulate at Mitrovitsa, in the northern part of the Albanian region, and that one chieftain had given orders that, should a Russian consul persist in settling there, he should be shot, and the consulate destroyed. This chieftain was captured and imprisoned, but his baneful command was carried out, with the sad result that we already know. Nothing shows so much the pacific intention of Russia as the moderation of her attitude in the face of this international crime; for the murder of a diplomatic or consular agent is an admitted cause of war. We have only to recall the name of Baron von Ketteler, to realize what use Russia might have made of the shooting of her consul.

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There are certain cross currents in this Turkish question which we shall do well to keep in mind. We must remember, to begin with, that Abdul Hamid II. came to the throne of a constitutional Turkish monarchy, and that, by a series of moves of consummate skill and small scruple, he has turned his country into the most absolute despotism on earth. Like a vampire, he has absorbed into himself first the power of the elective assembly, and later the power of the Foreign Office, the responsible ministry of the Sublime Porte. He now stands alone and absolute, a grim and yet a cowardly despot; a man of tremendous will-power, and yet one who trembles at a shadow, so great and overwhelming is his fear of death. He dwells among the conflicting intrigues of rival spies, each of whom gains a short vogue by denouncing the others, in his turn to be denounced by them.

Yet, in spite of this physical cowardice, Abdul Hamid is a tremendous force. We have spoken of him as a vampire, gradually sucking the life-blood of the constitution and the responsible ministry; we might, with even greater justice, extend the simile to cover his relation to the whole Empire. Though the Empire is chronically bankrupt, though for generations Turkey has been wallowing in a deepening slough of debt, yet the Sultan himself has grown richer and richer, at the expense of his land, the land he holds as a divine charge committed to him. It is asserted, on sound authority, that he has absorbed under his personal ownership at least a third of European Turkey, and this the richest third; and that, while he grows richer and richer, exempting his vast private domain from all taxation, and constantly extending it, he mercilessly taxes and drains the rest, for his own private and selfish purposes, never hesitating to load the country with a fresh burden of debt, if by so doing his own purposes can be served.

With the profound skill of a great and subtle intellect, he uses his throne solely for personal aggrandizement, slowly absorbing the life-blood of the country intrusted to him, and with infinite craft fomenting jealousies among the creditors of his country, and turning these jealousies to his own profit.

Yet, with all this, he has been forced to watch the slow dwindling of his realm; Bulgaria and Servia gone; then Cyprus and Egypt; then Rumelia and Crete; Bosnia and Herzegovina practically Austrian provinces, while lesser strips, both in Europe and

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Asia, have passed into the hands of Russia. We shall be mistaken if we think that these losses have not caused bitter mortification to Abdul Hamid, as a Mahometan and a sovereign; but we shall be further mistaken if we do not comprehend that his real and desperate sorrow springs from the immense diminution of the area which he can plunder and vampirize, for his own personal gain. His cruelty is as undoubted as his avarice. Probably ten thousand is too small a number for the Armenians massacred recently by his orders and at his instigation, or with his connivance; and he has never thought of seriously exerting himself to check the outrages committed by his agents in the three Slav provinces. This, therefore, is the situation, and this is the man that Russia has to deal with in the Balkans, in her present pacific campaign, with Austria as her close ally, and the European Powers as sympathetic onlookers.

Here it must be remembered that there are very strong forces whose interest it is to keep Abdul Hamid on the throne: the forces of international finance, which are deeply involved in the various Turkish loans, as well as in a number of industrial undertakings based on concessions from the Sultan. These international powers of finance, which are becoming more and more the dominating influence in politics, bring strong pressure to bear on their governments, to maintain the existing order of things in Turkey, however bad, morally speaking, that order may be. To go into the vexed question of Turkish debt, would be to write a highly technical treatise; but it is enough for us to know that large quantities of Turkish bonds are held in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, and that the financial institutions which hold most of them have a strong influence over certain organs of the press in the countries involved, and use these organs for their own ends. Hence the contradictory character of so many telegrams from the Balkans, and the evident animus in many of them against the Austro-Russian scheme of reform. One comprehends, therefore, Russia's unwillingness to be drawn into another Turkish war, in which she would have to contend not only with the very strong armies of the Sultan, but also with the occult forces of international finance, to which we have very briefly alluded.

To turn now to Persia. It is well known that, for the last thirty or forty years, the influence of England, so strong in Persia during the first half of the nineteenth century, has been

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on the wane. The dominant factor in Persian policy is now undoubtedly Russia. The character of the present ruler of Persia, Muzaffer Ed Din Shah, has given Russia opportunities which she has been quick to grasp. She has on several occasions made loans to Persia, on each occasion stipulating for certain concessions in return. Last year, she made a further loan of about six million dollars, gaining, in return, the priority right to construct a railroad across the Shah's dominions, which will in course of time link the Caucasian system of lines with the ports of the Persian Gulf. Doubtless we shall have a repetition of what happened in Manchuria, and, doubtless, as in Manchuria, the result will be beneficial to all parties.

Besides this financial and political dominance, Russia is making her hold on Persia effective by other means. England, France and Austria have all tried in turn to make something of the Persian army, doubtless from motives not purely Platonic. Where they failed, Russia has succeeded, having already built up the only effective force in the Persian army, a body consisting of four regiments of cavalry and two battalions of field artillery, trained and officered by Russians, and even spoken of as the "Persian Cossacks."

To turn now to the Far East, where Russia's position and policy have been so admirably summarized by Minister Witté, in his report of his recent journey. Siberia is, primarily, a field of colonization for European Russia, whither more than two hundred thousand Russians, Minister Witté tells us, now annually proceed. The climate is like that of Minnesota or Manitoba, and, like both, admirably suited for wheat. The total area of Siberia is about six million square miles, or nearly twice that of the United States; and this vast country needs an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. To gain a suitable outlet, all the forces of Russian policy in the Far East have been directed. Vladivostok was first chosen as the terminus of the trans-Siberian line; but the fact that, like the Saint Lawrence River, the harbor of Vladivostok is ice-bound in winter, has led Russia to seek a better terminal further south. In this search, she was favored by the march of events: the war between China and Japan, with the Japanese occupation of the Liao-Tung peninsula, gave Russia's representative at Peking his opportunity, and, probably in return for the Shimonoseki treaty, which practically forced Japan off the Asian

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mainland, Russia obtained certain very valuable concessions in Manchuria. These concessions consisted of a strip of territory on each side of the railroad, and of certain other areas of greater extent; also of the site of the future Dalny, and the fortress of Port Arthur.

Count Cassini has pointed out that the Chinese invasion of Russian territory in 1900 gave Russia a claim, perfectly good in international law, to the annexation of Manchuria. Russia waived this right, and contented herself with the conceded areas, already hers under the Manchurian agreement. The Chinese invasion, however, had caused grave internal disorders in Manchuria, and the general anarchy into which China was thrown, by the Boxer uprising and the advance of the allies on Peking, endangered the Manchurian railway to such an extent that Russia was compelled to keep a large military force there, to maintain order and safeguard her immense interests. Her agreement with China was, that these forces should be withdrawn from Chinese territory in the three Manchurian provinces, beginning with the southern province, and evacuating the middle and northern provinces six and twelve months later respectively. Two-thirds of this agreement has already been carried out; the Russian troops being withdrawn from Chinese territory to the conceded areas, which are, of course, Russian soil.

Since the Boxer uprising, a number of English and American writers or official personages have visited Manchuria; all these unite in bearing testimony to the rapid amelioration of conditions under Russian influence, to the growing wealth of natives and colonists alike. All equally bear witness to the broadly humane and sympathetic relations which have sprung up between the Russians and their Chinese neighbors, in complete contrast to the condition of things, morally and socially, which is to be found in Hong-Kong, for instance, or in Wei-Hai-Wei.

In conclusion, it may be recorded, with great satisfaction, that the wave of Japanese jealousy seems to have spent itself, and that the Russians are gradually establishing friendly relations with their insular neighbors on the Pacific. Stability will be added to this understanding by the additions which Russia has just made to her Siberian fleet, which hitherto consisted of three new first-class battle-ships and four armored-cruisers of the most modern type, besides the usual complement of gun-boats, defenders, tor-

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pedo-boats and so forth. To these Russia has just added two first-class battle-ships, the "Retvisan" and the "Pobieda," as well as three more cruisers, the "Diana," the "Aurora," and the "Pallas," thus making a compact fleet of five first-class battle-ships and seven armored-cruisers, as against six battle-ships and seven cruisers in the Japanese fleet. The necessity for this move was evident some years ago, and the peace of the world is more secure, now that it has been made.

One is irresistibly led to contrast our present understanding of the genius and purposes of Russia with the prejudiced and hostile view which prevailed through most of the nineteenth century. It is not fifty years since the two foremost European Powers were at war with Russia, fighting side by side with the Moslem Turks. It is just twenty-five years since the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty for the second time threw in their weight against Russia, destroying her work, and enslaving where she had liberated. The present Emperor, following in the path marked out for his father, a man of great moral power, and profoundly Russian, has done much to make the genius of his people intelligible to the Western world. It is recognized on all hands that, in bringing about the Hague Convention, the Emperor of Russia acted with high sincerity, and also with great practical wisdom. The same humanity, the same moderation and conservatism, mark Russia's present attitude in the Near and the Far East alike; and the world in general is gradually coming to recognize in Russia one of the greatest of World Powers, yet one whose growth can be regarded with equanimity and reassurance.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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LORD NORTH, THE PRIME MINISTER: A PERSONAL MEMOIR.—I.

BY LORD NORTH.

I.

In responding to the request of the Editor of the North American Review to contribute an article on the character and career of my great-grandfather, Lord North, the Prime Minister. it is not my object to enter upon a vindication of his public acts, or to give a complete account of his life, as that would practically comprise a history not only of England, but also of America during that period. Having often been favored with communications from correspondents in the United States, who desired information which they believed me able to supply from family papers, I feel encouraged to think that, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some general interest in Lord North, as well as in his times, may still remain. I have ventured to put my contribution in the form of a biographical sketch, inserting in the proper order such letters of public interest as I have selected from Lord North's letters to his father, the Earl of Guilford, and which have never before been given to the public.

These letters form part of a life-long correspondence, which, unfortunately for its historical value, confines itself for the most part to topics of family or personal interest, and yields but comparatively few relating to public affairs. The valuable collection of letters received by Lord North from George III., to the number of over seven hundred and fifty, was given up by the family and is now in His Majesty's library at Windsor Castle. These letters have, however, been printed, and I have made use of them.

It must be admitted that Lord North has received from the hands of those writers who have made a study of his times a generous appreciation of his merits and qualities; at the same

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time, I believe he has received scant justice from the hasty deductions and generalizations of the compilers of more popular forms of history books. To those who happen to have derived their views from the latter source, I trust the subjoined notes and letters will be welcome, as serving to illustrate the career of a statesman whose name is inseparably connected with a memorable time, and to make his true character more correctly understood.

Frederick North, afterward commonly known by the courtesy title of Lord North, was born in April, 1732, and was the only son, by his first marriage, of Francis, seventh Lord North and third Baron Guilford, grandson of Francis North, first Baron Guilford, who was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and James II. His mother was Lady Lucy Montagu, daughter of the second Earl of Halifax; and Frederick, Prince of Wales, stood sponsor at his baptism. Francis, Lord North, had the honor of being selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to take charge of the education of his two eldest sons, Prince George and Prince Edward; but on the death of the Prince of Wales he was removed by the influence of the Pelhams, who wished themselves to have control over the education of the young princes. Although not long enough in office to exert much influence on the minds and temperaments of his pupils, this close association with them probably laid the foundation of the intimacy and affection afterward manifested by George III. toward his Minister, Lord North.

Francis, Lord North, was created Earl of Guilford in 1752, and held the office of Treasurer to Queen Charlotte. He was a man of cultured mind and elevated character, and devoted especial care and interest to the education of his son Frederick, who in return held his father in the greatest affection and respect. The evidences of the singularly charming relations which existed between father and son are contained in the letters from the latter which have been preserved at Wroxton, and which date from the schoolboy's earliest production and continue down to the closing years of the old Earl's life.

Frederick was sent to school at Eton, where he was distinguished by his application to his studies, and, at the age of fifteen, a friend writes to his father to tell him how delighted he was to find the boy "not only so good a scholar, but that he has so good a taste and makes so good a judgment upon all the books he reads"; while Dr. Dampier, the Head Master at Eton, writes

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to say, "I am pleased to see in many instances how both the masters and the boys love him, and that he really, by his behavior, deserves it from both, which is not often the case. I think he has greatly contributed to the very good order the school is in at present."

From Eton he went in 1749 to Trinity College, Oxford, where he had the good fortune to awaken the interest of his tutor, the Rev. J. Merrick, a very worthy man, who engaged his mind on religious subjects and led his thoughts to serious views of conduct and duty in life. During his absence from Oxford between terms he expressed a desire that Mr. Merrick should continue to write to him, "in the hopes of receiving assistance in his most important concerns." Mr. Merrick's letters speak of the young man's religious spirit, habits of piety, and "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty." Mr. Merrick tells him: "It is an unspeakable satisfaction to me that you have by God's blessing been made sensible of the importance of religion before your entrance upon public life. Your improvement in piety, at this season of your life, will be the best preparation for every future scene of it; and your preserving that cheerfulness of temper and desire for knowledge which you now have, may be of excellent use in recommending the example of your piety to others." Frederick seems to have communicated his own esteem for Mr. Merrick to his father, who wrote him the following letter, of which the young man shows his appreciation by carefully preserving it with the note "From Papa, December 2, 1749":

"Wroxton, Decr. 2nd, 1749.

"My Dear, I thank you for your kind wishes to me, but cannot agree with Mr. Wise in thinking the gout matter of congratulation when it comes to a healthy person, though it may be a great relief to a person labouring under worse distempers. You give me the greatest pleasure by informing me you are so happy and well pleased at Oxford. . . . You make me very happy by what you say about Mr. Merrick, of whom I have a very high opinion. I hope the sentiments with which he has inspired you will always remain, for experience will show you that a strong sense of religion in the heart is the most essential thing in the world to our happiness here, as well as hereafter. Being thoroughly sensible that whatever is ordered by an all-wise, just and merciful Being, tending to our happiness, though by ways imperceptible to us, and that consequently whatever is, is right, will beget in us a submission that will blunt the edge of the misfortunes, and a thankfulness that will double our joy in the happy events of life. The Christian religion is strangely misapprehended by those to whom it seems a dull

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thing. To me it seems to be the only solid foundation for constant cheerfulness. I am, my Dear, your very affectionate father, NORTH."

Frederick left Oxford with the reputation of being a very accomplished classical scholar, and was then sent by his father to continue his education on the Continent. He travelled through the principal countries of Europe, visiting each capital in turn; and at Leipzig he made a long stay for a course of studies under the celebrated Mascow, whose lectures on the "Present State of Europe in Respect to Politics" gave him especial interest. He wrote frequently to his father giving his impressions of the different countries and the courts at which he was received, and these letters (often written in French) show great power of observation and description, and form a most interesting history of his travels. During his absence abroad Lord Guilford was raised to the dignity of an Earl, and his son writes him the following letter of congratulation:

"Leipzig, April 23, N. S., 1752.

"My Lord,—After having beg'd a thousand pardons for my former negligence, and giving you a thousand thanks for your two obliging letters (your great one in French which I received about a fortnight ago, and your little one in English which I received to-day) I proceed to congratulate you on your new increase of dignity. Indeed, my Lord, it gives me a sincere pleasure merely for your Lordship's sake, exclusive of any advantage accruing to myself in particular, to see that His Majesty has confirm'd the favour, which the nation, at least the best part of it, had confer'd upon you a long while ago.

"Your advancement, tho' it consists merely in a title, must be very agreeable to you on many accounts, as it takes off all appearance of your being in an ill-light with the court, as it is the fruit of merit and not of intrigue, and as the universal esteem and love you have gained will prevent its being either censured or envied.

"I believe, my Lord, I may answer for your family that we are not ungrateful for the great care and trouble you give yourself to render us happy and considerable. You have too good an opinion of me when you imagine me capable of adding a lustre to the dignity you have acquired. I am so far from thinking myself capable of adding a new lustre to it, that I have the greatest apprehension lest I should tarnish and diminish that which it has already. I hope that God will long preserve it where it is at present, that your Lordship may, by His grace, long enjoy an uninterrupted series of happiness, and continue as you now are—the support, defence, joy, and ornament, of your friends, your family, and your country.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your most affectionate & most dutiful son,

"FREDERICK NORTH."

On his return home, Lord North (as he had then become) entered at once upon a political career, and in 1754 was elected

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at the age of twenty-two Member of Parliament for Banbury, which place he continued to represent for nearly forty years. In 1756 he was married to Miss Anne Speke, the daughter of George Speke, of Dillington, Somerset, and there never was a more happy union. After three years' experience of Parliamentary duties, he was selected in December, 1757, to second the Address in reply to the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of this duty gave him at once a recognized position as a first-rate Parliamentary speaker. His father was the recipient of many letters of congratulation on his son's success. Lord Jersey wrote that he had the greatest pleasure in being able to tell "with what great ability and manly understanding his son discharged his undertaking in the House of Commons." "Never did a maiden effort give more satisfaction, and the applause was universal," and he congratulated the Earl on "being blessed with a son endowed with such attainments and qualifications to make a father happy." His old Head Master at Eton, Dr. Dampier, wrote to say with what great pleasure he had heard of his former pupil's success from an old member, who assured him that he had never heard a young man do better—no awkwardness in his person, his language fine and correct, took in every circumstance the subject permitted—that he had that day raised to himself a great repute, and his father's labors had succeeded. Mr. Charles Montague wrote:

"His performance is the subject of discourse in all companies. If anybody was sorry, I fancy it was the Secretary of State to have his work taken out of his hands and to see he had so dangerous a rival. I am not singular in this notion. He possessed himself perfectly well, his language was correct and not too flowery, no hesitation from beginning to end, his action decent and proper, his voice very clear and distinctly heard everywhere, never harsh, the present state of Europe finely represented, our misfortunes touched upon so as to give no offence to anybody: a most masterly performance it was indeed."

His subsequent efforts in debate confirmed the good impression thus made, and his relish for business and steady attention to it received signal recognition when, in Mr. Pitt's first administration, he was chosen by the Duke of Newcastle to be a Lord of the Treasury. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, of May 24th, 1759, the Duke of Newcastle says:

"I this day recommended my Lord North to the King to succeed my Lord Bessborough in the Treasury. He is a near relation of mine, but I hope his appearance in Parliament will make the choice ap-

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proved, and that he will be in time a very able and useful servant of the Crown."

In a letter to his father on January 4th, 1760, Lord North speaks of his first reception by the King.

"I presented the Address this morning, and was really most graciously received. The King spoke to me twice, which is, you know, a transgression of the rule with respect to Commoners very much in my favour."

Lord North continued to occupy a seat at the Treasury Board, under Lord Bute and George Grenville, till 1765. In 1763 he had established himself in such a high position as a debater that to him was assigned by the Government the task of conducting the proceedings in the House of Commons against Wilkes. His motion that No. 45 of the *North Briton* was "a false, scandalous and seditious libel" was carried, and the paper was publicly burnt in front of the Royal Exchange. Subsequently he took a leading part in the debates on the expulsion and breach of privilege; but, although his reputation as a debater was considerably increased, the part he played was distasteful to him, and he wished that the duty of defending the arbitrary proceedings of the Government, in respect to the issue of general warrants, had fallen into other hands. His sentiments are expressed in the following extract from a letter to his father of November 8, 1763:

"Your lordship will be in town at a very bustling time in both Houses, as I apprehend we shall invite the Peers to join with us in censuring the libel and determining the point of privilege. Nothing can go more against me than the business I am now upon, but while things stand in their present ticklish situation it is impossible to avoid it. You may be sure I shall be very moderate in my expressions, but that will be to no purpose. The part I take will be an unpardonable crime with the other side. I begin heartily to wish I had followed my own opinion in going out with the Duke of N. (Newcastle): I should have spared myself many an uncomfortable moment. From the time one engages one draws closer and closer, until one has so far engaged that one cannot in honour decline taking a part in a thousand affairs wherein one would choose to be quiet."

On the fall of the Rockingham Ministry in 1766, he was offered by Mr. Pitt the office of Paymaster in the new administration, which was being formed under the nominal headship of the Duke of Grafton. The offer of the place was conveyed by Mr. Pitt to Lord North in the following letter:

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"North End, near Hampstead.
"Monday, July 28th.

"My Lord,—The King having most graciously pleased to admit me to some share in His Majesty's councils and Royal Confidence, I have His Majesty's permission to communicate to your lordship, first, some principal arrangements for Administration, now on the point of going into execution. They are as follows:—Lord Northington, at his own desire, retiring from the labours of Chancery, Lord Camden will have the Great Seal; Lord Northington, President of the Council; the Duke of Grafton goes to the Head of the Treasury; Mr. C. Townshend being Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Shelburne and Mr. Conway, Secretaries of State; your humble servant Privy Seal. Having now imparted to your lordship this outline, I have now the honour and pleasure to open to you by His Majesty's commands that the King would see with satisfaction Lord North return to his service. It is His Majesty's intention to make two joint Paymasters-General, and should your lordship (fortunately for the King's service) think it agreeable to you to be one of them, I should esteem myself happier in having writ this letter, which I now take the liberty to trouble you with, than in most where I have had the King's commands to employ my pen.

"Allow me now, my lord, to end where I ought to have begun, with an apology for an intrusion upon your retreat. The best and only one (as to the share I have had in the occasion of it) is a sincere desire to approve myself zealous for the strengthening of His Majesty's Government by inviting to it abilities and dignity, as well as particularly to preserve to myself the valuable privilege I have held from ancient days of being the sincere humble servant and well wisher of Lord North and his family.

"I am, with great esteem and respect,
"Your lordship's most obedient &
"most humble servant,
"WILLIAM PITT."

Mr. Pitt's letter was enclosed in the following letter from Lord North to his father, in which he describes his appreciation of the offer:

"Old Burlington Street.
"July 31st, 1766.

"My Lord,—The enclosed will account for my being here. I received it on Tuesday morning as soon as I awoke. It was (sent) to Dillington by King's messenger. I set out the same day at noon and arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning.

"The offer is very honourable, profitable, and agreeable, and I see no reason on earth why I should refuse it. But upon my coming hither I was met with a very unpleasant piece of news. Lord D——th (Dartmouth) finding that the Plantations were to continue united to the Southern Department, contrary to what he had been led to expect, thought himself obliged in honour to resign, and resigned accordingly yesterday morning. Nothing can be more vexatious than to find myself constantly, by the strange political jumbles, opposed to one of the men in the world that I honour, love and esteem the most. These events damp all the pleasure of preferment.

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"Mr. Pitt kissed hands yesterday on being appointed Earl of Chatham and Viscount Pynsent. I cannot say that upon first sight I should have advised this step. I should have thought the Administration more steady with him in the House of Commons. The other promotions not mentioned in Mr. P's letter are Sir Eardley Wilmot, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas; Mr. Hussey, a Justice of the King's Bench; Mr. Pryse Campbell, a Lord of the Treasury in the room of Lord John Cavendish; and Mr. Hans Stanley, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Petersburg. Mr. Yorke is disgusted at Lord Camden's preferment, and quits the post of Attorney-General; the Solicitor-General will succeed him, and be replaced by Mr. Edward Willes. Lord Chatham told me the law arrangements were settled entirely by Lord Northington and Lord Camden. I have not yet heard who is to be my colleague and who the First Lord of Trade. I imagine Mr. Dowdeswell will be one or the other.

"As soon as I have kissed hands I suppose I should write letters to all my constituents for their votes and interest against my re-election. It is disagreeable that the borough should be open so long. I met George at Salisbury on his way down; he was, thank God, in perfect health and spirits. My duty to Lady Guilford.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

Lord Guilford was also the recipient of the following letter from Lord Chatham, as Mr. Pitt had now become:

"North End.

"Wednesday, August, 1766.

"My Lord,—I am honoured with your lordship's most obliging letter, which brings me the very flattering remarks of the continuation of those favourable and friendly sentiments of which I have long been proud. It is no compliment when I assure your lordship that the return of Lord North into the King's service must be considered by me as a very material acquisition which His Majesty's Government makes, and I shall esteem myself particularly fortunate, as well as greatly honoured, by being permitted in any degree to have been the small instrument of contributing to give effect to His Majesty's favourable and just dispositions towards his lordship.

"Allow me, my Lord, to embrace with particular satisfaction this occasion of renewing assurances of my long established sentiments of respectful esteem and affectionate regard towards Lord Guilford, and of the truth with which I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's most faithful & most

"obedient, humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

Lord North, accordingly, became joint Paymaster-General of the Forces, with Mr. George Cooke as his colleague, and was admitted a member of the Privy Council on December 10, 1766. In the discussion on Indian affairs his debating abilities continued to be advantageously displayed, and he was regarded with such favor

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by Lord Chatham that in March, 1767, the latter, being indignant at Townshend's conduct over one of the East India questions, paid Lord North the high honor of offering him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Leadership of the House of Commons. Diffident of his ability to fill that high office, he declined it.

About this time George Grenville, we are told, walking in the park with another gentleman, met the future Prime Minister apparently rehearsing a speech. "Here comes blubbery North," said the latter to Grenville. "I wonder what he is getting by heart; I am sure it cannot be anything of his own." "You are mistaken," replied Grenville. "North is a man of great promise and high qualifications, and if he does not relax his political pursuits he is very likely to be Prime Minister." This prediction, so perfectly fulfilled, has its counterpart in another, which came from the man to whose office Lord North immediately succeeded. "See," said Charles Townshend, "that great, heavy, booby-looking seeming changling! you may believe me when I assure you as a fact that, if anything should happen to me, he would succeed to my place, and very shortly after come to be First Commissioner of the Treasury." It may be gathered from these adjectives, so pleasantly applied, that Lord North's figure and personal appearance were not in his favor. Although in his youth I find his travelling tutor telling his father that "Mr. North by the ingenuity of his manners add'd to the comelyness of his person gained himself an universal admiration," in later life his figure grew more corpulent and his movements awkward, while his face was heavy, and his eyes, which stood out prominently, had the additional defect of being very short-sighted. The heaviness of his features gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding, but his face was always agreeable owing to its habitual expression of cheerfulness and good humor.

In fact, Lord North was very like George III. himself. This resemblance was noticed in their youth by the King's father, Prince Frederick of Wales, who used to have his little joke on the subject with Lord Guilford. Lady North, as her picture at Wroxton reveals, was not endowed with good looks either, and her eldest daughter very much resembled her. A story is told that, at the opera one evening, Lord North was in company with a distinguished foreign visitor who wished to learn the names of the principal people in the audience. "Who is that plain-looking lady

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in the box opposite?" he asked. "That," replied Lord North, "is my wife." "Oh, pardon," said the visitor; "I did not mean that lady, but the other beside her." "The other, sir, is my daughter," adding, in his merry, good-natured way, to relieve the gentleman's confusion, "and I may tell you we are considered to be three of the ugliest people in London."

Very shortly afterward Charles Townshend died, and the Duke of Grafton proposed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Lord North, who accepted it, being then in his thirty-sixth year. This office carried with it the leadership of the House of Commons, and in this capacity Lord North was there the mouthpiece of the Cabinet. He writes on October 12, 1767:

"My Lord,—We are infinitely obliged to your lordship for your very kind letter. I speak in Lady North's name as well as my own. Whether in future times I shall be able to be a very regular correspondent I cannot tell, but at present I should be without excuse if I did not take an early opportunity of acknowledging your kindness. My office has hitherto answered Lord Bottetourt's description of it, but to-morrow I shall plunge into business, and expect to continue over head and ears in it till the end of the Session. It is a great comfort to think we are likely to rise early in the spring. My present leisure proceeds in a great measure from a mistake in some of the officers in Chancery who did not prepare the new Commission of the Treasury at the same time with the patents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Under Treasurer, so that I have not yet been able to take my place at the Board. The new Commission may be now for aught I know in your lordship's street at Bath. I expect it back time enough for me to take my place at the next Board on Friday. I entirely agree with Lord Dacre in his notion of the principal dangers of my office. I will profit by his friendly advice and endeavour to guard against them. Just now I run no risk. I ride out every morning at eight o'clock, have no cook of my own, and not a single friend in town. The Duke of Grafton did not come to town time enough on Wednesday to be at the Cabinet himself, and so I was not summoned. But I have seen him since, and he has assured me that he understood it to be the King's intention that I should be always summoned and considered as a member of the Cabinet. I have not the vanity to imagine that my advice can be of any consequence in the planning of Government, but this I am certain of, that it will be very difficult for me to act in concert with the Cabinet and promote their plans in Parliament unless I am present at the meetings at which they are formed.

"I hear the clock striking eight, and am prevented by it from expressing the gratitude that I feel for all the tenderness and affection which breathes through your Lordship's letter. But I will write to-morrow whatever I have not time to say now.

"I am, My Lord, Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

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The next letter makes it clear that Lord North obtained his promotion to cabinet rank without any ambitious seeking on his part.

"Pay Office.
"October 14th, 1767.

"My Lord,—The departure of the post prevented me both yesterday and the evening before from thanking you as I ought for your kind and affectionate letter of the 8th of this month.

"Though your lordship's good opinion of me has probably a great mixture of partiality in it, it makes me inexpressibly happy, and I am confident nothing can more powerfully recommend me to those with whom I am to act for the future than this mark of your approbation. I flatter myself that I shall never forfeit it through any want of duty to your lordship or of gratitude for your increasing goodness towards me, or by any deviation from that fidelity and integrity which ought to guide all my actions in the execution of my office. I am afraid it will be soon found how unequal my abilities are to the task in which I am engaged, but if His Majesty and his ministers have made an insufficient Chancellor of the Exchequer they may thank themselves for it, for I can truly say I never obtruded myself upon them, and do not desire to continue in my place an hour after it shall be found prejudicial to the public.

"I have not yet been able to examine into the state of our force in Parliament, but we are likely to have a short session and very few difficult questions in the course of it, so that with the authority of the Administration before a general election I hope we shall surmount all opposition.

"I do not conceive that Mr. Wilkes ever had any serious thoughts of offering himself a candidate for London, but his friends took every opportunity of bringing him upon the stage for fear he should be forgotten.

"Our duty and love to your lady and Brownlow.

"I am,
"Your lordship's most dutiful son,
"NORTH."

An interesting account of the funeral of the Duke of York, the King's brother, is given in the next letter, and we read of an audience with His Majesty, which points to a beginning of the royal favor, while the allusion to his son's letter shows all the fondness and pride of a parent whose relations with his children have been handed down as being of the happiest and tenderest nature.

"Pay Office.
"November 2nd, 1767.

"My Lord,—This is a strange day in London. In the midst of the melancholy preparations for the interment of the Duke of York, we have the joy of hearing that Her Majesty is safely delivered. She was brought to bed this morning of a prince. The bells were ringing all the forenoon upon the birth of the nephew, and have been tolling all

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the evening for the death of the uncle. The hearse and coaches of the party of the Court set out this morning for Greenwich to receive the body from on board the yacht. . . .

"I will now come to matters of pleasanter nature. In the first place I enclose to your Lordship a letter I received on Saturday morning from General Conway, the contents of which were so gracious and honourable to me that I thought it right to go yesterday to Court to desire a private audience, in order to return my thanks to His Majesty. I met with a very gracious reception, and had a pretty long conference on various matters, a great part of which related to your lordship, and I took that occasion to execute the commission you gave me in your letter of the 27th. I said all that I thought was handsome and proper on the occasion, and I must need say the Great Personage was not behindhand with me. All his expressions concerning your Lordship were as full of esteem and regard as you can conceive and desire.

"I send you another letter which has just come to my hands, and which gives me as much pleasure as Mr. Conway's. You will see it is perfectly well spelt and written, though it is the first attempt of the author to write to any of us upon single lines. I have received under the same cover from Dr. Dampier a mighty good account of his health and behaviour. . . .

"I am truly grateful for the kind expressions of Lord Dacre's letter, as I am for his constant friendship for me. I hope the commendations I heard were from the heart. I think it is scarcely possible to know Lord Dacre, even so much as the person alluded to does, without being convinced that they are due to him.

"Lady North sends her duty.

"I am, My Lord,

"Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

In the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord North's early Budgets gained him considerable reputation. Taking Adam Smith as his master in finance, he applied the principles of the "Wealth of Nations" in the adjustment and equalization of the burdens of taxation; and his skill in financial statements is mentioned by a writer of his time. "In opening the Budget he was esteemed peculiarly lucid, clear and able. On that account he constituted a day of triumph to his friends and supporters, who exulted in his talents which he displayed whenever he exhibited the state of the national finances or imposed new pecuniary burdens." The King also, in one of his letters, pays him the compliment of saying: "Lord North is remarkably clear in stating matters of finance."

His popularity with the House of Commons and the country continued to increase. His good temper was never ruffled, and his ready wit and engaging disposition procured him many friends and admirers. Cambridge conferred upon him at this

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period the honorary degree of LL.D. Yet he is at this time, during a debate, expressing his indifference to popularity. "I do not dislike popularity," he said, "but it happens that, for the last seven years, I have never given my vote for any one of the popular measures." Then, after enumerating these various measures, he continued: "I state this to prove that I am not an ambitious man. Men may be popular without being ambitious, but there is rarely an ambitious man who does not try to be popular."

At the close of the year 1769 Lord North makes in a letter to his father some interesting reflections upon his own position and the state of affairs, which indicate the character of his own opinions at that time on matters apparently in controversy in the Cabinet:

"Ashted, December 25th, 1769.

". . . Notwithstanding the untoward political events of the last year, I never felt more perfectly easy, happy, and self-satisfied than I do at present; I think I have done what I ought, and what every reasonable and honest man will approve. I feel myself totally disencumbered from all connections, obligations, and engagements, and entirely free to chase the path that my conscience and opinion dictates. A very pleasant feel it is! I think I have done by all parties as handsomely as they could desire, and perhaps more than they could in justice demand. What is past gives me no regret. My present situation is comfortable and my future prospects by no means unpleasing. I may add that my pride, which was, I confess, a little mortified in the course of the year, has by the late offer been gratified to the utmost of its wish. Tho' in many of the questions that will arise in the course of this session I shall be forced, from fix'd opinion, to differ from the present Ministers, yet I shall do it without the least spleen or ill-will to their persons. I sincerely wish them success in their public labours, and hope that they will not in order to purchase a little momentary peace take any step that may lay the foundation of endless tumults for the future, and deprive this nation of any of its most valuable and essential rights. . . .

"I am, my Lord, Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

At the opening of the year 1770 the Duke of Grafton found his Administration beset with difficulties. Under the vehement attacks of Lord Chatham, who had emerged from his retirement, it fell to pieces, and the Duke of Grafton, unable to fill the offices vacated by the resignation of several Ministers, was seized with panic and sought refuge in resignation, leaving the affairs of the nation in the greatest disorder. What George III. called "a critical period," and what Lord North termed afterward "a time of trouble and danger," had now arrived. The King's aversion to

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the Whig ruling families, from whose influence he had been for ten years struggling to emancipate himself, made him seek every expedient to keep the present Administration in power, in order to avoid sending for the chiefs of the Opposition and submitting to their terms. He addressed the following earnest entreaty to Lord North:

"Queen's House,
"January 23rd, 1770.
"40 minutes pt. 10 a. m.

"Lord North,—After seeing you last night I saw Lord Weymouth, who by my direction will wait upon you with Lord Gower this morning, to press you in the strongest manner to accept the Office of First Commissioner of the Treasury; my mind is more and more strengthened with the rightness of the measure, which would prevent every other desertion. You must easily see that, if you do not accept, I have no other peer at present in my service I could consent to place in the Duke of Grafton's employment. Whatever you think, do not take any decision, unless it is one of instantly accepting, without a farther conversation with me. As to the other arrangements you may hear what others think, but keep your own opinion till I have seen you."

Lord North, distrusting his own fitness, would gladly have preferred to avoid the duty and responsibility thus cast upon him by this appeal; but, desirous of preserving the framework of administration, he resolved to obey the King's wishes—a proof of his devotion to his Sovereign which the King afterward said he never could forget. In the ten first years of his reign there had already been six administrations; that of Lord North was destined to last longer than its six predecessors combined, and yet none had entered into existence under less favorable circumstances. The fact that it was able to escape defeat and hold together for twelve years is ascribed in some degree to the ability, popularity and conciliatory qualities of the Prime Minister.

Breaking off at this period of Lord North's life I shall deal with the remainder in another article.

NORTH.

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THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART V.

X.

THE Sunday of the next week was a wonderful day, and Chad Newsome had let his friend know in advance that he had provided for it. There had already been a question of his taking him to see the great Gloriani, who was at home on Sunday afternoons and at whose house, for the most part, fewer bores were to be met than elsewhere; but the project, through some accident, had not had instant effect. It had now, however, revived in happier conditions. Chad had made the point that the celebrated sculptor had a queer old garden, for which the weather—spring at last frank and fair—was propitious; and two or three of his other allusions had confirmed for Strether the expectation of something special. He had by this time, for all introductions and adventures, let himself recklessly go, cherishing the sense that, whatever the young man showed him, he was showing at least himself. He could have wished, indeed, so far as this went, that Chad were less of a mere cicerone; for he was not without the impression—now that the vision of his game, his plan, his deep diplomacy, did recurrently assert itself—of his taking refuge from the realities of their intercourse in the offered bribe, as our friend mentally phrased it, of *panem et circenses*. Our friend continued to feel rather smothered in sensations, though he made in his other moments the almost angry inference that this was only because of his odious inbred suspicion of any form of beauty. He periodically assured himself—for his reactions were sharp—that he should not reach the truth of anything till he had at least got rid of that.

He had known beforehand that Mme. de Vionnet and her daughter would probably be on view, an intimation to that effect having constituted the only reference again made by Chad to his good friends from the south. The effect of Strether's talk about them with Miss Gostrey had been quite to consecrate his reluctance to pry; something in the very air of Chad's silence—judged in the light of that talk—offered it to him as a reserve he could

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markedly match. It shrouded them about with he scarce knew what —a consideration, a distinction; he was in the presence, at any rate—so far as it placed him there—of ladies; and the one thing that was definite for him was that they themselves should be, to the extent of his responsibility, in the presence of a gentleman. Was it because they were very beautiful, very clever, or even very good—was it for one of these reasons that Chad was, so to speak, nursing his effect? Did he wish to spring them, in the Woollett phrase, with a fuller force—to confound his critic, slight though as yet the criticism, with some form of merit exquisitely incalculable? The most he had, at all events, asked of his companion was whether the persons in question were French; and that inquiry had been but a proper comment on the sound of their name. "Yes. That is no!" had been Chad's reply; but he had immediately added that their English was the most charming in the world, so that if Strether were wanting an excuse for not getting on with them he wouldn't in the least find one. Never in fact had Strether—in the mood into which the place had quickly launched him—felt, for himself, less the need of an excuse. Those he might have found would have been, at the worst, all for the others, the people before him, in whose liberty to be as they were he was aware that he positively rejoiced. His fellow-guests were multiplying, and these things, their liberty, their intensity, their variety, their conditions at large, were in fusion in the admirable medium of the scene.

The place itself was a great impression—a small pavilion, clear-faced and sequestered, an effect of polished *parquet,* of fine white panel and spare, sallow gilt, of decoration delicate and rare, in the heart of the Faubourg St.-Germain and on the edge of a cluster of gardens attached to old noble houses. Far back from streets and unsuspected by crowds, reached by a long passage and a quiet court, it was as striking to the unprepared mind, he immediately saw, as a treasure dug up; giving him too, more than anything yet, the note of the range of the immeasurable town and sweeping away, as by a last brave brush, his usual landmarks and terms. It was in the garden, a spacious, cherished remnant, out to which a dozen persons had already passed, that Chad's host presently met them; while the tall, bird-haunted trees, all of a twitter with the spring and the weather, and the high party-walls, on the other side of which grave *hôtels* stood off for privacy, spoke of survival, transmission, association, a strong, indifferent, persistent order. The day was so soft that the little party had practically adjourned to the open air, but the open air, in such conditions, was all a chamber of state. Strether had presently the sense of a great convent, a convent of missions, famous for he scarce knew what, a nursery of young priests, of scattered shade, of straight alleys and chapel-bells, that spread its mass in one quarter; he had the sense of names in the air, of ghosts at the windows, of signs and tokens, a whole

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range of expression, all about him, too thick for prompt discrimination.

This assault of images became for a moment, in the address of the distinguished sculptor, almost formidable: Gloriani showed him, in such perfect confidence, on Chad's introduction of him, a fine, worn handsome face, a face that was like an open letter in a foreign tongue. With his genius in his eyes, his manners on his lips, his long career behind him and his honors and rewards all round, the great artist, in the course of a single sustained look and a few words of delight at receiving him, affected our friend as a dazzling prodigy of type. Strether had seen in museums—in the Luxembourg as well as, more reverently, in other days, in the New York of the billionaires—the work of his hand; knowing too that, after an earlier time in his native Rome, he had migrated, in mid-career, to Paris, where, with a personal lustre almost violent, he shone in a constellation: all of which was more than enough to crown him, for his guest, with the light, with the romance, of glory. Strether, in contact with that element as he had never yet so intimately been, had the consciousness of opening to it, for the happy instant, all the windows of his mind, of letting this rather gray interior drink in, for once, the sun of a clime not marked in his old geography. He was to see again, repeatedly, in remembrance, the medal-like Italian face, in which every line was an artist's own, in which time told only as tone and consecration; and he was to recall in especial, as the penetrating radiance, as the communication of the illustrious spirit itself, the manner in which, while they stood briefly, in welcome and response, face to face, he was held by the sculptor's eyes. He was not soon to forget them, was to think of them, all unconscious, unintending, preoccupied though they were, as the source of the deepest intellectual sounding to which he had ever been exposed. He was in fact quite to cherish his vision of it, to play with it in idle hours; only speaking of it to no one and quite aware he couldn't have spoken without appearing to talk nonsense. Was what it had told him or what it had asked him the greater of the mysteries? Was it the most special flare, unequalled, supreme, of the æsthetic torch, lighting that wondrous world forever, or was it above all the long, straight shaft sunk by a personal acuteness that life had seasoned to steel? Nothing on earth could have been stranger and no one doubtless more surprised than the artist himself, but it was, for all the world, to Strether, in these instants, as if, in respect to his accepted duty, he had positively been on trial. The deep human expertness in Gloriani's charming smile—oh, the terrible life behind it!—was flashed upon him as a test of his stuff.

Chad, meanwhile, after having easily named his companion, had still more easily turned away and was already greeting other persons present. He was an easy, clever Chad with the great artist as with his obscure compatriot, and as easy with every one else as with either: this fell into its place for Strether and made almost

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a new light, giving him, as a concatenation, something more he could enjoy. He liked Gloriani, but should never see him again; of that he was sufficiently sure. Chad, accordingly, who was wonderful with both of them, was a kind of link for hopeless fancy, an implication of possibilities—oh, if everything had been different! Strether noted, at all events, that he was thus on terms with illustrious spirits, and also that—yes, distinctly—he had not in the least swaggered about it. Our friend hadn't come there only for this figure of Abel Newsome's son, but it threatened to affect the observant mind as positively central. Gloriani indeed, remembering something and excusing himself, pursued Chad to speak to him, and Strether was left musing on many things. One of them was the question of whether, since he had been tested, he had passed. Did the artist drop him from having made out that he wouldn't do? He really felt, just to-day, that he might do better than usual. Hadn't he done well enough, for that matter, in being just so dazzled? and in not having too, as he almost believed, wholly hidden from his host that he knew of the latter's inquiry? Suddenly, across the garden, he saw little Bilham approach, and it was a part of the fit that was on him that, as their eyes met, he guessed also *his* knowledge. If he had said to him on the instant what was uppermost he would have said: "*Have* I passed?—for of course I know one has to pass here." Little Bilham would have reassured him, have told him that he exaggerated, and have adduced happily enough the argument of little Bilham's own very presence; which, in truth, he could see, was as easy a one as Gloriani's own or as Chad's. He himself would perhaps then after a while cease to be frightened, would get the point of view for some of the faces—types tremendously alien, alien to Woollett—that he had already begun to take in. Who were they all, the dispersed groups and couples, the ladies even more unlike those of Woollett than the gentlemen?—this was the inquiry that, when his young friend had greeted him, he did find himself making.

"Oh, they're every one—all sorts and sizes; of course I mean within limits, though limits down perhaps rather more than limits up. There are always artists—he's beautiful, inimitable to the *cher confrère;* and then *gros bonnets* of many kinds—ambassadors, cabinet ministers, bankers, generals; what do I know? even Jews. Above all, always, some awfully nice women—and not too many; sometimes an actress, an artist, a great performer—but only when they're not monsters; and, in particular, the right *femmes du monde.* You can fancy his history on that side—I believe it's fabulous: they *never* give him up. Yet he keeps them down: no one knows how he manages; it's too beautiful and bland. Never too many—and a mighty good thing too; just a perfect choice. But there are not in any way many bores; it has always been so; he has some secret. It's extraordinary. And you don't find it out. He's the same to every one. He doesn't ask questions."

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"Ah, doesn't he?" Strether laughed.

Bilham met it with all his candor. "How then should *I* be here?"

"Oh, for what you tell me. You're part of the perfect choice."

Well, the young man took in the scene. "It seems rather good to-day."

Strether followed the direction of his eyes. "Are they all, this time, *femmes du monde?*"

Little Bilham showed his competence. "Pretty well."

This was a category our friend had a feeling for; a light, romantic and mysterious, on the feminine element, in which he enjoyed for a little watching it. "Are there any Poles?"

His companion considered. "I think I make out a Portuguese. But I've seen Turks."

Strether wondered, desiring justice. "They seem, the women, very harmonious."

"Oh, in closer quarters they come out!" And then, while Strether was aware of fearing closer quarters, though giving himself again to the harmonies, "Well," little Bilham went on, "it *is*, at the worst, rather good, you know. If you like it, you feel it, this way, that shows you're not in the least out. But you always know things," he handsomely added, "immediately."

Strether liked it and felt it only too much; so "I say, don't lay traps for me!" he rather helplessly murmured.

"Well," the young man returned, "he's wonderfully kind to *us*."

"To us Americans, you mean?"

"Oh no—he doesn't know anything about *that*. That's half the battle here—that you can never hear politics. We don't talk them. I mean to poor young wretches of all sorts. And yet it's always as charming as this; it's as if, by something in the air, our squalor didn't show. It puts us all back—into the last century."

"I'm afraid," Strether said, amused, "that it puts me, rather, forward: oh, ever so far!"

"Into the next? But isn't that only," little Bilham asked, "because you're really of the century before?"

"The century before the last? Thank you!" Strether laughed. "If I ask you about some of the ladies it can't be, then, that I may hope, as such a specimen of the rococo, to please them."

"On the contrary, they adore—we all adore here—the rococo, and where is there a better setting for it than the whole thing, the pavilion and the garden, together? There are lots of people," little Bilham smiled as he glanced round, "with collections. You'll be secured!"

It made Strether, for a moment, give himself again to contemplation. There were faces he scarce knew what to make of. Were they charming, or were they only strange? He mightn't talk politics, yet he suspected a Pole or two. The upshot was the question at the back of his head from the moment his friend had joined him. "Have Mme. de Vionnet and her daughter arrived?"

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"I haven't seen them yet, but Miss Gostrey has come. She's in the pavilion looking at objects. One can see *she's* a collector," little Bilham added without offence.

"Oh yes, she's a collector, and I knew she was to come. Is Mme. de Vionnet a collector?" Strether went on.

"Rather, I believe; almost celebrated." The young man met, on it, a little, his friend's eyes. "I happen to know—from Chad, whom I saw last night—that they've come back; but only yesterday. He wasn't sure—up to the last. This, accordingly," little Bilham went on, "will be—if they *are* here—their first appearance after their return."

Strether, very quickly, turned these things over. "Chad told you last night? To me he, on our way here, said nothing about it."

"But did you ask him?"

Strether did him the justice. "I dare say not."

"Well," said little Bilham, "you're not a person to whom it's easy to tell things you don't want to know. Though it *is* easy, I admit—it's quite beautiful," he benevolently added, "when you do want to."

Strether looked at him with an indulgence that matched his intelligence. "Is that the deep reasoning on which—about these ladies—you've been yourself so silent?"

Little Bilham considered the depth of his reasoning. "I haven't been silent. I spoke of them to you the other day, the day we sat together after Chad's tea-party."

Strether came round to it. "They then are the virtuous attachment?"

"I can only tell you that it's what they pass for. But isn't that enough? What more than a vain appearance does the wisest of us know? I commend you," the young man declared with a pleasant emphasis, "the vain appearance."

Strether looked more widely round, and what he saw, from face to face, deepened the effect of his young friend's words. "Is it so good?"

"Magnificent."

Strether had a pause. "The husband's dead?"

"Dear no. Alive."

"Oh!" said Strether. After which, as his companion laughed: "How then can it be so good?"

"You'll see for yourself. One does see."

"Chad's in love with the daughter?"

"That's what I mean."

Strether wondered. "Then where's the difficulty?"

"Why, aren't you and I—with our grander, bolder ideas?"

"Oh, mine—!" Strether said rather strangely. But then as if to attenuate: "You mean they won't hear of Woollett?"

Little Bilham smiled. "Isn't that just what you must see about?"

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It had brought them, as she caught the last words, into relation with Miss Barrace, whom Strether had already observed—as he had never before seen a lady at a party—moving about alone. Coming within sound of them, she had already spoken, and she took again, through her long-handled glass, all her amused and amusing possession. "How much, poor Mr. Strether, you seem to have to see about! But you can't say," she gayly declared, "that I don't do what I can to help you. Mr. Waymarsh is placed. I've left him in the house with Miss Gostrey."

"The way," little Bilham exclaimed, "Mr. Strether gets the ladies to work for him! He's just preparing to draw in another; to pounce—don't you see him?—on Mme. de Vionnet."

"Mme. de Vionnet? Oh, oh, oh!" Miss Barrace cried in a wonderful crescendo. There was more in it, our friend made out, than met the ear. Was it, after all, a joke that he should be serious about anything? He envied Miss Barrace, at any rate, her power of not being. She seemed, with little cries and protests and quick recognitions, movements like the darts of some fine high-feathered, free-pecking bird, to stand before life as before some full shop-window. You could fairly hear, as she selected and pointed, the tap of her tortoise-shell against the glass. "It's certain that we do need seeing about; only I'm glad it's not I who have to do it. One does, no doubt, begin that way; then suddenly one finds that one has given it up. It's too much, it's too difficult. You're wonderful, you people," she continued to Strether, "for not feeling those things—by which I mean impossibilities. You never feel them. You face them with a fortitude that makes it a lesson to watch you."

"Ah, but"—little Bilham put it with discouragement—"what do we achieve after all? We see about you and report—when we even go so far as reporting. But nothing's done."

"Oh you, Mr. Bilham," she replied as with an impatient rap on the glass, "you're not worth sixpence! You come over to convert the savages—for I know you verily did, I remember you—and the savages simply convert *you*."

"Not even!" the young man wofully confessed: "they haven't gone through that form. They've simply—the cannibals!—eaten me; converted me if you like, but converted me into food. I'm but the bleached bones of a Christian."

"Well, then, there we are! Only"—and Miss Barrace appealed again to Strether—"don't let it discourage you. You'll break down soon enough, but you'll meanwhile have had your moments. *Il faut en avoir*. I always like to see you while you last. And I'll tell you who *will* last."

"Waymarsh?"—he had already taken her up.

She laughed out as at the alarm of it. "He'll resist even Miss Gostrey: so grand is it not to understand. He's wonderful."

"He is, indeed," Strether conceded. "He wouldn't tell me of

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this affair—only said he had an engagement; but with such a gloom, you must let me insist, as if it had been an engagement to be hanged. Then, silently and secretly, he turns up here with you. Do you call *that* 'lasting'?"

"Oh, I hope it's lasting!" Miss Barrace said. "But he only, at the best, bears with me. He doesn't understand—not one little scrap. He's delightful. He's wonderful," she repeated.

"Michelangelesque!"—little Bilham completed her meaning. "He *is* a success. Moses, on the ceiling, brought down to the floor; overwhelming, colossal, but somehow portable."

"Certainly, if you mean by portable," she returned, "looking so well in one's carriage. He's too funny beside me in his corner; he looks like somebody, somebody foreign and famous, *en exil;* so that people wonder—it's very amusing—whom I'm taking about. I show him Paris, show him everything, and he never turns a hair. He's like the Indian chief one reads about, who, when he comes up to Washington to see the Great Father, stands wrapped in his blanket and gives no sign. *I* might be the Great Father—from the way he takes everything." She was delighted at this hit of her identity with that personage—it fitted so her character; she declared it was the title she meant henceforth to adopt. "And the way he sits, too, in the corner of my room, only looking at my visitors very hard and as if he wanted to start something! They wonder what he does want to start. But he's wonderful," Miss Barrace once more insisted. "He has never started anything yet."

It presented him none the less, in truth, to her actual friends, who looked at each other in intelligence, with frank amusement on Bilham's part and a shade of sadness on Strether's. Strether's sadness sprang—for the image had its grandeur—from his thinking how little he himself was wrapped in his blanket, how little, in marble halls, all too oblivious of the Great Father, he resembled a really majestic aboriginal. But he had also another reflection. "You've all of you here so much visual sense that you've somehow all 'run' to it. There are moments when it strikes one that you haven't any other."

"Any moral," little Bilham explained, watching serenely, across the garden the several *femmes du monde.* "But Miss Barrace has a moral distinction," he kindly continued; speaking as if for Strether's benefit not less than for her own.

"*Have* you?" Strether, scarce knowing what he was about, asked of her almost eagerly.

"Oh, not a distinction"—she was mightily amused at his tone —"Mr. Bilham is too good. But I think I may say a sufficiency. Yes, a sufficiency. Have you supposed strange things of me?"—and she fixed him again, through all her tortoise-shell, with the droll interest of it. "You *are* all indeed wonderful. I should awfully disappoint you. I do take my stand on my sufficiency. But I know, I confess," she went on, "strange people. I don't know how

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it happens; I don't do it on purpose; it seems to be my doom—as if I were, always, one of their habits; it's wonderful! I dare say, moreover," she pursued with an interested gravity, "that I do, that we all do here, run too much to mere eye. But how can it be helped? We're all looking at each other—and in the light of Paris one sees what things resemble. That's what the light of Paris seems always to show. It's the fault of the light of Paris—dear old light!"

"Dear old Paris!" little Bilham echoed.

"Everything, every one shows," Miss Barrace went on.

"But for what they really are?" Strether asked.

"Oh, I like your Boston 'reallys'! But sometimes—yes."

"Dear old Paris then!" Strether resignedly sighed while, for a moment, they looked at each other. Then he broke out: "Does Mme. de Vionnet do that? I mean really show for what she is?"

Her answer was prompt. "She's charming. She's perfect."

"Then why did you, a minute ago, say 'Oh, oh, oh!' at her name?"

She easily remembered. "Why, just because—! She's wonderful."

"Ah, she too?"—Strether had almost a groan.

But Miss Barrace had meanwhile perceived relief. "Why not put your question straight to the person who can answer it best?"

"No," said little Bilham; "don't put any question; wait, rather—it will be much more fun—to judge for yourself. He has come to take you to her."

XI.

On which Strether saw that Chad was again at hand, and he afterwards scarce knew, absurd as it may seem, what had then quickly occurred. The moment concerned him, he felt, more deeply than he could have explained, and he had a subsequent passage of speculation as to whether, on walking off with Chad, he hadn't looked either pale or red. The only thing he was clear about was that, luckily, nothing indiscreet had in fact been said, and that Chad himself was, more than ever, in Miss Barrace's great sense, wonderful. It was one of the connections—though really why it should be, after all, was none so apparent—in which the whole change in him came out as most striking. Strether recalled, as they approached the house, that he had impressed him that first night as knowing how to enter a box. Well, he impressed him scarce less now as knowing how to make a presentation. It did something for Strether's own quality—marked it as estimated; so that our poor friend, conscious and passive, really seemed to feel himself quite handed over and delivered; absolutely, as he would have said, made a present of, given away. As they reached the house a young woman, about to come forth, appeared, unaccompanied, on the steps; at the exchange with whom of a word on Chad's part Strether

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immediately perceived that, obligingly, kindly, she was there to meet them. Chad had left her in the house, but she had afterwards come half-way and then, the next moment, had joined them in the garden. Her air of youth, for Strether, was at first almost disconcerting, while his second impression was, not less sharply, a degree of relief at there not having just been, with the others, any freedom used about her. It was upon him at a touch that she was no subject for that, and meanwhile, on Chad's introducing him, she had spoken to him, very simply and gently, in an English clearly of the easiest to her, yet unlike any other he had ever heard. It wasn't as if she tried; nothing, he could see after they had been a few minutes together, was as if she tried; but her speech, charming, correct and odd, was like a precaution against her passing for a Pole. There were precautions, he seemed indeed to see, only when there were really dangers.

Later on he was to feel many more of them; but by that time he was to feel other things besides. She was dressed in black, but in black that struck him as light and transparent; she was exceedingly fair, and, though she was as markedly slim, her face had a roundness, with eyes far apart and a little strange. Her smile was natural and dim; her hat not extravagant; he had only perhaps a sense of the clink, beneath her fine black sleeves, of more gold bracelets and bangles than he had ever seen a lady wear. Chad was excellently free and light about their encounter; it was one of the occasions on which Strether most wished he himself might have arrived at such ease and such humor: "Here you are then, face to face at last; you're made for each other—*vous allez voir;* and I bless your union." It was indeed, after he had gone off, as if he had been partly serious too. This latter motion had been determined by an inquiry from him about "Jeanne"; to which her mother had replied that she was probably still in the house with Miss Gostrey, to whom she had lately committed her. "Ah, but you know," the young man had rejoined, "he must see her"; with which, while Strether pricked up his ears, he had started as if to bring her, leaving the other objects of his interest together. Strether wondered to find Miss Gostrey already involved, feeling that he missed a link; but feeling also, with small delay, how much he should like to talk with her of Mme. de Vionnet on this basis of evidence.

The evidence as yet, in truth, was meagre; which, for that matter, was perhaps a little why his expectation had had a drop. There was somehow not a wealth in her; and a wealth was all that, in his simplicity, he had definitely prefigured. Still, it was too much to be sure already that there was but a poverty. They moved away from the house, and, with eyes on a bench at some distance, he proposed that they should sit down. "I've heard a great deal about you," she said as they went; but he had an answer to it that made her stop short. "Well, about *you,* Mme. de Vionnet I've

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heard, I'm bound to say, almost nothing"—those struck him as the only words he himself could, with any lucidity, utter; conscious as he was, and as with more reason, of the determination to be, in respect to the rest of his business, perfectly plain and go perfectly straight. It had not at any rate been in the least his idea to spy on Chad's proper freedom. It was possibly, however, at this very instant and under the impression of Mme. de Vionnet's pause, that going straight began to announce itself as a matter for care. She had only, after all, to smile at him ever so gently to make him ask himself if he weren't already going crooked. It might be going crooked to find it of a sudden just only clear that she intended very definitely to be what he would have called nice to him. This was what passed between them while, for another instant, they stood still; he couldn't at least remember afterwards what else it might have been. The thing indeed really unmistakable was that it rolled over him as a wave that he had been, in conditions incalculable and unimaginable, a subject of discussion. He had been on some ground that concerned her, answered for; which gave her an advantage he should never be able to match.

"Hasn't Miss Gostrey," she asked, "said a good word for me?"

What had struck him first was the way he was bracketed with that lady; and he wondered what account Chad would have given of their acquaintance. Something not as yet traceable, at all events, had obviously happened. "I didn't even know of her knowing you."

"Well, now she'll tell you all. I'm so glad you're in relation with her."

This was one of the things—the "all" Miss Gostrey would now tell him—that, with every deference to present preoccupation, was uppermost for Strether after they had taken their seat. One of the others was, at the end of five minutes, that she—oh, incontestably, yes—*differed* less; differed, that is, scarcely at all—well, superficially speaking, from Mrs. Newsome or even from Mrs. Pocock. She was ever so much younger than the one and not so young as the other; but what *was* there in her, if anything, that would have made it impossible he should meet her at Woollett? And wherein was her talk, during their moments on the bench together, not the same as would have been found adequate for a Woollett garden party?—unless perhaps, truly, in not being quite so bright. She observed to him that Mr. Newsome had, to her knowledge, taken extraordinary pleasure in his visit; but there was no good lady at Woollett who wouldn't have been at least up to that. Was there in Chad, by chance, after all, deep down, a principle of aboriginal loyalty that had made him, for sentimental ends, attach himself to elements, happily encountered, that would remind him most of the old air and the old soil? Why, accordingly, be in a flutter—Strether could even put it that way—about this unfamiliar phenomenon of the *femme du monde?* On these terms Mrs. Newsome

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herself was as much of one. Little Bilham, verily, had testified that they came out, the ladies of the type, in close quarters; but it was just in these quarters—now comparatively close—that he felt Mme. de Vionnet's common humanity. She did come out, and certainly to his relief, but she came out as the usual thing. There might be motives behind, but so could there often be even at Woollett. The only thing was that if she showed him she wished to like him —as the motives behind might conceivably prompt—it would possibly have been more thrilling for him that she should have shown as more vividly alien. Ah, she was neither Turk nor Pole!—which would be indeed flat, once more, for Mrs. Newsome and Mrs. Pocock. A lady and two gentlemen had meanwhile, however, approached their bench, and this accident stayed for the time further developments.

They presently addressed his companion, the brilliant strangers; she rose to speak to them, and Strether noted that the escorted lady, though mature and by no means beautiful, had more of the bold, high look, the range of expensive reference, that he had, as might have been said, made his plans for. Mme. de Vionnet greeted her as "Duchesse" and was greeted in turn, while talk started in French, as *Ma toute-belle;* little facts that had their due, their vivid interest for Strether. Mme. de Vionnet didn't, none the less, introduce him—a note he was conscious of as false to the Woollett scale and the Woollett humanity; though it didn't prevent the Duchess, who struck him as confident and free, very much what he had obscurely supposed duchesses, from looking at him as straight and as hard—for it *was* hard—as if she would have liked, all the same, to know him. "Oh yes, my dear, it's all right, it's *me;* and who are *you,* with your interesting wrinkles and your most effective (is it the handsomest, is it the ugliest?) of noses?"—some such loose handful of bright flowers she seemed, fragrantly enough, to fling at him. Strether almost wondered—at such a pace was he going—if some divination of the influence of either party were what determined Mme. de Vionnet's abstention. One of the gentlemen, in any case, succeeded in placing himself in close relation with our friend's companion; a gentleman rather stout and not very tall, in a hat with a wonderful wide curl to its brim and a frock coat buttoned with an effect of superlative decision. His French had quickly turned to equal English, and it occurred to Strether that he might well be one of the ambassadors. His design was evidently to assert a claim to Mme. de Vionnet's undivided countenance, and he made it good in the course of a minute—led her away with a trick of three words; a trick played with a social art of which Strether, looking after them as the four, whose backs were now all turned, moved off, felt himself no master.

He sank again upon his bench and, while his eyes followed the party, reflected, as he had done before, on Chad's strange communities. He sat there alone for five minutes, with plenty to think

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of; above all with his sense of having suddenly been dropped by a charming woman overlaid now by other impressions and in fact quite cleared and indifferent. He had not yet had so quiet a surrender; he didn't in the least care if nobody spoke to him more. He might have been, by his attitude, in for something of a march so broad that the want of ceremony with which he had just been used could fall into its place as but a minor incident of the procession. Besides, there would be incidents enough, as he felt when this term of contemplation was closed by the reappearance of little Bilham, who stood before him a moment with a suggestive "Well?" in which he saw himself reflected as disorganized, as possibly floored. He replied with a "Well!" intended to show that he was not floored in the least. No indeed; he gave it out, as the young man sat down beside him, that if, at the worst, he had been overturned at all, he had been overturned into the upper air, the sublimer element with which he had an affinity and in which he might be trusted a while to float. It was not a descent to earth to say, after an instant, in sustained response to the reference: "You're quite sure her husband's living?"

"Oh dear, yes."

"Ah then—!"

"Ah then what?"

Strether had, after all, to think. "Well, I'm sorry for them." But it didn't matter, for the moment, more than that. He assured his young friend he was quite content. They wouldn't stir; were all right as they were. He didn't want to be introduced; had been introduced already about as far as he could go. He had seen moreover an immensity; liked Gloriani, who, as Miss Barrace kept saying, was wonderful; had made out, he was sure, the half-dozen other men who were distinguished, the artists, the critics and, oh, the great dramatist—*him* it was easy to spot; but wanted—no, thanks, really—to talk with none of them; having nothing at all to say and finding it would do beautifully as it was; do beautifully because what it was—well, was just simply too late. And when, after this, little Bilham, submissive and responsive, but with an eye to the consolation nearest, easily threw off some "Better late than never!" all he got in return for it was a sharp "Better early than late!" This note, indeed, the next thing, overflowed, for Strether, into a quiet stream of demonstration that, as soon as he had let himself go, he felt as the real relief. It had consciously gathered to a head, but the reservoir had filled sooner than he knew, and his companion's touch was to make the waters spread. There were some things that had to come in time if they were to come at all. If they didn't come in time they were lost forever. It was the general sense of them that had overwhelmed him with its long, slow rush.

"It's not too late for *you,* on any side, and you don't strike me as in danger of missing the train; besides which people can be in general pretty well trusted, of course—with the clock of their

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freedom ticking as loud as it seems to do here—to keep an eye on the fleeting hour. All the same, don't forget that you're young—blessedly young; be glad of it, on the contrary, and live up to it. Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't so much matter what you do in particular, so long as you have your life. If you haven't had that, what *have* you had? This place and these impressions—mild as you may find them to wind a man up so; all my impressions of Chad and of people I've seen at *his* place—well, have had their abundant message for me, have just dropped *that* into my mind. I see it now. I haven't done so enough before—and now I'm old; too old at any rate for what I see. Oh, I *do* see, at least; and more than you'd believe or I can express. It's too late. And it's as if the train had fairly waited at the station for me without my having had the gumption to know it was there. Now I hear its faint, receding whistle miles and miles down the line. What one loses one loses; make no mistake about that. The affair—I mean the affair of life—couldn't, no doubt, have been different for me; for it's, at the best, a tin mould, either fluted and embossed, with ornamental excrescences, or else smooth and dreadfully plain, into which, a helpless jelly, one's consciousness is poured—so that one 'takes' the form, as the great cook says, and is more or less compactly held by it: one lives, in fine, as one can. Still, one has the illusion of freedom; therefore don't be, like me, without the memory of that illusion. I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it; I don't quite know which. Of course, at present, I'm a case of reaction against the mistake; and the voice of reaction should, no doubt, always be taken with an allowance. But that doesn't affect the point that the right time is now yours. The right time is *any* time that one is still so lucky as to have. You've plenty; that's the great thing; you're, as I say, damn you, so happily and hatefully young. Don't, at any rate, miss things out of stupidity. Of course I don't take you for a fool, or I shouldn't be addressing you thus awfully. Do what you like so long as you don't make *my* mistake. For it was a mistake. Live!" . . . . Slowly and sociably, with full pauses and straight dashes, Strether had so delivered himself; holding little Bilham, from step to step, deeply and gravely attentive. The end of all was that the young man had turned quite solemn, and that this was a contradiction of the innocent gayety the speaker had wished to promote. He watched for a moment the consequence of his words, and then, laying a hand on his listener's knee and as if to end, properly, with a joke: "And now for the eye I shall keep on you!"

"Oh, but I don't know that I want to be, at your age, too different from you!"

"Ah, prepare, while you're about it," Strether said, "to be more amusing."

Little Bilham continued to think; then at last he had a smile. "Well, you *are* amusing—to *me*."

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"*Impayable,* as you say, no doubt. But what am I to myself?" Strether had risen with this, giving his attention now to an encounter that, in the middle of the garden, was in the act of taking place between their host and the lady at whose side Mme. de Vionnet had quitted him. This lady, who appeared within a few minutes to have left her friends, awaited Gloriani's eager approach with words on her lips that Strether couldn't catch, but of which her interesting, witty face seemed to give him the echo. He was sure she was prompt and fine, but also that she had met her match, and he liked—in the light of what he was quite sure was the Duchess's latent insolence—the good humor with which the great artist asserted equal resources. Were they, this pair, of the "great world"?—and was he himself, for the moment, thus related to them by his observation, *in* it? Then there was something in the great world covertly tigerish, which came to him, across the lawn, in the charming air, as a waft from the jungle. Yet it made him admire most of the two, made him envy, the glossy male tiger, magnificently marked. These absurdities of the stirred sense, fruits of suggestion, ripening on the instant, were all reflected in his next words to little Bilham. "I know—if we talk of that—whom *I* should enjoy being like!"

Little Bilham followed his eyes; but then, as if with a shade of knowing surprise: "Gloriani?"

Our friend had in fact already hesitated, though not on the hint of his companion's doubt, in which there were depths of critical reserve. He had just made out, in the now full picture, something and somebody else; another impression had been superimposed. A young girl in a white dress and a softly plumed white hat had suddenly come into view, and what was next clear was that her course was toward them. What was clearer still was that the handsome young man at her side was Chad Newsome, and what was clearest of all was that she was therefore Mlle. de Vionnet, that she was unmistakably pretty—bright, gentle, shy, happy, wonderful—and that Chad now, with a consummate calculation of effect, was about to present her to his old friend's vision. What was clearest of all indeed was something much more than this, something at the single stroke of which—and wasn't it simply juxtaposition?—all vagueness vanished. It was the click of a spring—he saw the truth. He had by this time also met Chad's look; there was more of it in that; and the truth, accordingly, so far as Bilham's inquiry was concerned, had thrust in the answer. "Oh, Chad!"—it was that rare youth he should have enjoyed being "like." The virtuous attachment would be all there before him; the virtuous attachment would be in the very act of appeal for his blessing; Jeanne de Vionnet, this charming creature, would be—exquisitely, intensely now—the object of it. Chad brought her straight up to him, and Chad was, oh yes, at this moment—for the glory of Woollett or whatever—better still even than Gloriani. He had plucked this blossom; he had kept

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it, overnight, in water; and at last, as he held it up to wonder, he did enjoy his effect. That was why Strether had felt at first the breath of calculation—and why, moreover, as he now knew, his look at the girl would be, for the young man, a sign of the latter's success. What young man had ever paraded about that way, without a reason, a maiden in her flower? And there was nothing in his reason at present obscure. Her type sufficiently told of it—they wouldn't want her to go to Woollett. Poor Woollett, and what it might miss!—though brave Chad indeed too, and what it might gain! Brave Chad, however, had just excellently spoken. "This is a good little friend of mine who knows all about you and has moreover a message for you. And this, my dear"—he had turned to the child herself—"is the best man in the world, who has it in his power to do a great deal for us and whom I want you to like and revere as nearly as possible as much as I do."

She stood there quite pink, a little frightened, prettier and prettier and not a bit like her mother. There was in this last particular no resemblance but that of youth to youth; and here in fact, suddenly, was Strether's sharpest impression. It went wondering, dazed, embarrassed, back to the woman he had just been talking with; it was a revelation in the light of which he already saw she would become more interesting. So slim and fresh and fair, she had yet put forth this perfection; so that for really believing it of her, for seeing her to any such developed degree as a mother, comparison would be urgent. Well, what was it now but fairly thrust upon him? "Mamma wishes me to tell you before we go," the girl said, "that she hopes very much you'll come to see us very soon. She has something particular to say to you."

"She quite reproaches herself," Chad helpfully explained: "you were interesting her so much when she accidentally suffered you to be interrupted."

"Ah, don't mention it!" Strether murmured, looking kindly from one to the other and wondering at many things.

"And I'm to ask you for myself," Jeanne continued with her hands clasped together as if in some small learnt prayer—"I'm to ask you for myself if you won't positively come."

"Leave it to me, dear—I'll take care of it!" Chad genially declared in answer to this, while Strether himself almost held his breath. What was in the girl was indeed too soft, too unknown for direct dealing; so that one could only gaze at it as at a picture, quite staying one's own hand. But with Chad he was now on ground—Chad he could meet; so pleasant a confidence in that and in everything did the young man freely exhale. There was the whole of a story in his tone to his companion, and he spoke indeed as if already of the family. It made Strether guess the more quickly what it might be about which Mme. de Vionnet was "particular." Having seen him, then, she had found him easy; she wished to have it out with him that some way for the young

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people must be discovered, some way that would not impose as a condition the transplantation of her daughter. He already saw himself discussing with this lady the attractions of Woollett as a residence for Chad's companion. Was that youth going now to trust her with the affair—so that it would be after all with one of his "lady-friends" that his mother's missionary should be condemned to deal? It was quite as if for an instant the two men looked at each other on this question. But there was no mistaking at last Chad's pride in the display of such a connection. This was what had made him so carry himself while, three minutes before, he was bringing it into view; what had caused his friend, first catching sight of him, to be so struck with his air. It was, in a word, just when he thus finally felt Chad putting things straight off on him that he envied him, as he had mentioned to little Bilham, most. The whole exhibition, however, was but a matter of three or four minutes, and the author of it had soon explained that, as Mme. de Vionnet was immediately going "on," this could be for Jeanne but a snatch. They would all meet again soon, and Strether was meanwhile to stay and amuse himself—"I'll pick you up again in plenty of time." He took the girl off as he had brought her, and Strether, with the faint, sweet foreignness of her "*Au revoir, monsieur!*" in his ears as a note almost unprecedented, watched them recede side by side and felt how, once more, her companion's relation to her got an accent from it. They disappeared among the others and apparently into the house; whereupon our friend turned round to give out to little Bilham the conviction of which he was full. But there was no little Bilham any more; little Bilham had, within the few moments, for reasons of his own, proceeded further: a circumstance by which, in its order, Strether was also sensibly affected.

XII.

Chad was not in fact, on this occasion, to keep his promise of coming back; but Miss Gostrey had soon presented herself with an explanation of his failure. There had been reasons, at the last, for his going off with *ces dames;* and he had asked her, with much instance, to come out and take charge of their friend. She did so, Strether felt as she took her place beside him, in a manner that left nothing to desire. He had dropped back on his bench, alone again for a time, and the more conscious, for little Bilham's defection, of his unexpressed thought; in respect to which, however, this next interlocutor was a still more capacious vessel. "It's the child!" he had exclaimed to her almost as soon as she appeared; and though her direct response was for some time delayed he could feel in her meanwhile the working of this truth. It might have been simply as she waited, that they were now in presence, altogether, of truth spreading like a flood and not, for the moment, to be offered her in the mere cupful; inasmuch as who should *ces dames* prove to be but persons about whom—once thus face to face with them—she found

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she might from the first have told him almost everything? This would have freely come had he taken the simple precaution of giving her their name. There could be no better example—and she appeared to note it with high amusement—than the way, making things out already so much for himself, he was at last throwing precautions to the winds. They were neither more nor less, she and the child's mother, than old school-friends—friends who had scarcely met for years, but whom this unlooked-for chance had brought together with a rush. It was a relief, Miss Gostrey hinted, to feel herself no longer groping; she was unaccustomed to grope and, as a general thing, he might well have seen, made straight enough for her clue. With the one she had now picked up in her hands there need be at least no waste of wonder. "She's coming to see me—that's for *you*," Strether's interlocutress continued; "but I don't require it to know where I am."

The waste of wonder might be proscribed; but Strether, characteristically, was even by this time quite in the air. "By which you mean that you know where *she* is?"

She just hesitated. "I mean that if she comes to see me I shall —now that I've pulled myself round a bit after the shock—not be at home."

Strether hung poised. "You call it—your recognition—a shock?"

She gave one of her rare flickers of impatience. "It was a surprise, an emotion. Don't be so literal. I wash my hands of her."

Poor Strether's face lengthened. "She's impossible—?"

"She's even more charming than I remembered her."

"Then what's the matter?"

She had to think how to put it. "Well, *I'm* impossible. It's impossible. Everything's impossible."

He looked at her an instant. "I see where you're coming out. Everything's possible." Their eyes had, on it, in fact, an exchange of some duration; after which he pursued: "Isn't it that beautiful child?" Then as she still said nothing: "Why don't you mean to receive her?"

Her answer, in an instant, rang clear. "Because I wish to keep out of the business."

It provoked in him a small wail. "You're going to abandon me *now?*"

"No, I'm only going to abandon her. She'll want me to help her with you. And I won't."

"You'll only help me with her? Well then—!" Most of the persons previously gathered had, in the interest of tea, passed into the house, and they had the gardens mainly to themselves. The shadows were long, the last call of the birds, who had made a home of their own in the noble interspaced quarter, sounded from the high trees in the other gardens as well, those of the old convent and of the old *hôtels;* it was as if our friends had waited for the full charm to come out. Strether's impressions were still present; it

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was as if something had happened that "nailed" them, made them more intense; but he was to ask himself soon afterwards, that evening, what really *had* happened—conscious as he could remain, after all, that, for a gentleman taken, the first time, into the "great" world, the world of ambassadors and duchesses, the items made a meagre total. It was nothing new to him, however, as we know, that a man might have—at all events such a man as *he* was—an amount of experience out of any proportion to his adventures; so that, though it was doubtless no great adventure to sit on there with Miss Gostrey and hear about Mme. de Vionnet, the hour, the picture, the immediate, the recent, the possible—as well as the communication itself, not a note of which failed to reverberate—only gave the moments more of the taste of history.

It was history, to begin with, that Jeanne's mother had been three-and-twenty years before, at Geneva, schoolmate and good girl-friend to Maria Gostrey, who had moreover enjoyed since then, though interruptedly and above all with a long recent drop, other glimpses of her. Twenty-three years put them both on, no doubt; and Mme. de Vionnet—though she had married straight after school—couldn't be to-day an hour less than thirty-eight. This made her ten years older than Chad—though ten years, also, if Strether liked, older than she looked; the least, at any rate, that a prospective mother-in-law could be expected to do with. She would be of all mothers-in-law the most charming; unless, indeed, through some perversity as yet insupposable, she should utterly belie herself in that relation. There was none, surely, in which, as Maria remembered her, she mustn't be charming; and this, frankly, in spite of the stigma of failure in the tie in which failure always most showed. It was no test there—when indeed *was* it a test there?—for M. de Vionnet had been a brute. She had lived for years apart from him—which was of course always a horrid position; but Miss Gostrey's impression of the matter had been that she could scarce have made a better thing of it had she done it on purpose to show that she was amiable. She was so amiable that nobody had had a word to say; which was, luckily, not the case for her husband. He was so impossible that she had the advantage of all her merits.

It was still history for Strether that the Comte de Vionnet—it being also history that the lady in question was a Countess—should now, under Miss Gostrey's sharp touch, rise before him as a high, distinguished, polished, impertinent reprobate, the product of a mysterious order; it was history, further, that the charming girl so freely sketched by his companion should have been married, out of hand, by a mother, another figure of striking outline, full of dark personal motive; it was perhaps history most of all that this company was, as a matter of course, governed by such considerations as put divorce out of the question. "*Ces gens-là* don't divorce, you know, any more than they emigrate or abjure—they

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think it impious and vulgar;" a fact in the light of which they seemed but the more richly special. It was all special; it was all, for Strether's imagination, more or less rich. The girl at the Genevese school, an isolated, interesting, attaching creature, both sensitive, then, and violent, audacious but always forgiven, was the daughter of a French father and an English mother who, early left a widow, had married again, had another try with a foreigner; in her career with whom she had apparently given her child no example of comfort. All these people—the people of the English mother's side—had been of condition more or less eminent; yet with oddities and disparities that had often since made Maria, thinking them over, wonder what they really quite rhymed to. It was in any case her belief that the mother, interested and prone to adventure, had been without conscience, had only thought of ridding herself most quickly of a possible, an actual encumbrance. The father, by her impression, a Frenchman with a name one knew, had been another matter, leaving his child, she clearly recalled, a memory all fondness, as well as an assured little fortune which was unluckily, later on, to make her more or less of a prey. She had been in particular, at school, dazzlingly, though quite booklessly, clever; as polyglot as a little Jewess (which she wasn't, oh no!) and chattering French, English, German, Italian, anything one would, in a way that made a clean sweep, if not of prizes and parchments, at least of every "part," whether memorized or improvised, in the curtained, costumed, school repertory, and, in especial, of all mysteries of race and vagueness of reference, all swagger about "home," among their variegated mates.

It would doubtless be difficult to-day, as between French and English, to name her and place her; she would certainly show, on knowledge, Miss Gostrey felt, as one of those convenient types who didn't keep you explaining—minds with doors as numerous as the many-tongued cluster of confessionals at St. Peter's. You might confess to her with confidence in Roumelian, and even Roumelian sins. Therefore—! But Strether's narrator covered her implication with a laugh; a laugh by which his betrayal of a sense of the lurid in the picture was also perhaps sufficiently protected. He had a moment of wondering, while his friend went on, what sins might be especially Roumelian. She went on, at all events, to the mention of her having met the young thing—again by some Swiss lake —in her first married state, which had appeared for the few intermediate years not at least violently disturbed. She had been lovely at that moment, delightful to *her*, full of responsive emotion, of amused recognitions and amusing reminders; and then, once more, much later, after a long interval, equally but differently charming —touching and rather mystifying for the five minutes of an encounter at a railway station *en province*, during which it had come out that her life was all changed. Miss Gostrey had understood enough to see, essentially, what had happened, and yet had beauti-

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fully dreamed that she was herself faultless. There were doubtless depths in her, but she was all right; Strether would see if she wasn't. She was another person, however—that had been promptly marked—from the small child of nature at the Geneva school; a little person quite made over—as foreign women *were,* compared with American—by marriage. Her situation moreover, evidently, had cleared itself up; there would have been—all that was possible—a judicial separation. She had settled in Paris, brought up her daughter, steered her boat. It was no very pleasant boat—especially there—to be in; but Marie de Vionnet would have headed straight. She would have friends, certainly—and very good ones. There she was, at all events—and it was very interesting. Her knowing Mr. Chad didn't in the least prove she hadn't friends; what it proved was what good ones *he* had. "I saw that," said Miss Gostrey, "that night at the Français; it came out for me in three minutes. I saw *her*—or somebody like her. And so," she immediately added, "did you."

"Oh no—not anybody like her!" Strether laughed. "But you mean," he as promptly went on, "that she has had such an influence on him?"

Miss Gostrey was on her feet; it was time for them to go. "She has brought him up for her daughter."

Their eyes, as so often, in candid conference, through their settled glasses, met over it long; after which Strether's again took in the whole place. They were quite alone there now. "Mustn't she rather—in the time then—have rushed it?"

"Ah, she won't of course have lost an hour. But that's just the good mother—the good French one. You must remember that of her—that, as a mother, she's French; and that for them there's a special providence. It precisely, however—that she may not have been able to begin as far back as she would have liked—makes her grateful for aid."

Strether took this in as they slowly moved to the house on their way out. "She counts on me then to put the thing through?"

"Yes—she counts on you. Oh, and first of all of course," Miss Gostrey added, "on her—well, convincing you."

"Ah," her friend returned, "she caught Chad young!"

"Yes, but there are women who are for all ages. They're the most wonderful sort."

She had laughed the words out, but they brought her companion, the next thing, to a stand. "Is what you mean that she'll try to make a fool of me?"

"Well, I'm wondering what she *will*—with an opportunity—make."

"What do you call," Strether asked, "an opportunity? My going to see her?"

"Ah, you must go to see her"—Miss Gostrey was a trifle evasive. "You can't not do that. You'd have gone to see the other woman.

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I mean if there had been one—a different sort. It's what you came out for."

It might be; but Strether distinguished. "I didn't come out to see *this* sort."

She had a wonderful look at him now. "Are you disappointed she isn't worse?"

He for a moment entertained the question, then found for it the frankest of answers. "Yes. If she were worse she would be better for our purpose. It would be simpler."

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But won't this be pleasanter?"

"Ah, you know," he promptly replied, "I didn't come out—wasn't that just what you originally reproached me with?—for the pleasant."

"Precisely. Therefore I say again what I said at first. You must take things as they come. Besides," Miss Gostrey added, "I'm not afraid for myself."

"For yourself—?"

"Of your seeing her. I trust her. There's nothing she'll say about me. In fact there's nothing she *can*."

Strether wondered—little as he had thought of this. Then he broke out. "Oh, you women!"

There was something in it at which she flushed. "Yes—there we are. We're abysses." At last she smiled. "But I risk her!"

He gave himself a shake. "Well then, so do I!" But he added as they passed into the house that he would see Chad the first thing in the morning.

This was, the next day, the more easily effected that the young man, as it happened, even before he was down, turned up at his hotel. Strether took his coffee, by habit, in the public room; but on his descending for this purpose Chad instantly proposed an adjournment to what he called greater privacy. He had himself, as yet, had nothing—they would sit down somewhere together; and when, after a few steps and a turn into the boulevard, they had, for their greater privacy, sat down among twenty others, our friend saw in his companion's move a fear of the advent of Waymarsh. It was the first time Chad had, to that extent, given this personage "away"; and Strether found himself wondering of what it was symptomatic. He made out in a moment that the youth was in earnest as he had not yet seen him; which, in its turn, threw a ray perhaps a trifle startling on what they had each, up to that time, been treating as earnestness. It was sufficiently flattering, however, that the real thing—if this *was* at last the real thing—should have been determined, as appeared, precisely by an accretion of Strether's importance. For this was what, quickly enough, it came to—that Chad, rising with the lark, had rushed down to let him know, while his morning consciousness was yet young, that he had made, literally, the afternoon before, a tremendous impression. Mme. de Vionnet wouldn't, couldn't rest till she should have some assurance from

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him that he *would* consent again to see her. The announcement was made, across their marble-topped table, while the foam of the hot milk was in their cups and its plash still in the air, with the smile of Chad's easiest urbanity; and this expression of his face caused our friend's doubts to gather, on the spot, into a challenge of the lips. "See here"—that was all; he only, for the moment, said again "See here." Chad met it with all his air of straight intelligence, while Strether remembered again that fancy of the first impression of him, the happy young pagan, handsome and hard, but indulgent, whose mysterious measure, under the street-lamp, he had tried mentally to take. The young pagan, while a long look passed between them, sufficiently understood. Strether scarce needed at last to say the rest—"I want to know where I am." But he said it, and he added, before any answer, something more. "Are you engaged to be married—is that your secret?—to the young lady?"

Chad shook his head with the slow amenity that was one of his ways of conveying that there was time for everything. "I have no secret—though I may have secrets! I haven't at any rate that one. We're not engaged. No."

"Then where's the hitch?"

"Do you mean why I haven't already started with you?" Chad, beginning his coffee and buttering his roll, was quite ready to explain. "Nothing would have induced me—nothing will still induce me—not to try to keep you here as long as you can be made to stay. It's too visibly good for you." Strether had himself plenty to say about this, but it was amusing also to measure the march of Chad's tone. He had never been more a man of the world, and it was always, in his company, present to our friend that one was seeing how, in successive connections, a man of the world acquitted himself. Chad kept it up beautifully. "My idea—*voyons!*—is simply that you should let Mme. de Vionnet know you, simply that you should consent to know *her*. I don't in the least mind telling you that, clever and charming as she is, she's ever so much in my confidence. All I ask of you is to let her talk to you. You've asked me about what you call my hitch, and, so far as it goes, she'll explain it to you. She's herself my hitch, hang it—if you must really have it all out. But in a sense," he hastened in the most wonderful manner to add, "that you'll quite make out for yourself. She's too good a friend, confound her. Too good, I mean, for me to leave without—without—." It was his first hesitation.

"Without what?"

"Well, without my arranging somehow or other the damnable terms of my sacrifice."

"It *will* be a sacrifice then?"

"It will be the greatest loss I ever suffered. I owe her so much."

It was beautiful, the way Chad said these things, and his plea was now confessedly—oh, quite flagrantly and publicly—interest-

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ing. The moment really, for Strether, took on an intensity. Chad owed Mme. de Vionnet so much? What *did* that do then but clear up the whole mystery? He was indebted for alterations, and she was thereby in a position to have sent in her bill for expenses incurred *in reconstruction*. What was this, at bottom, but what had been to be arrived at? Strether sat there arriving at it while he munched toast and stirred his second cup. To do this, with the aid of Chad's pleasant, earnest face, was also to do more besides. No, never before had he been so ready to take him as he was. What was it that had suddenly so cleared up? It was just everybody's character—that is, everybody's but, in a measure, his own. Strether felt *his* character receive, for the instant, a smutch from all the wrong things he had suspected or believed. The person to whom Chad owed it that he could positively turn out such a comfort to other persons—such a person was sufficiently raised above any "breath" by the nature of her work and the young man's steady light. All of which was vivid enough to come and go quickly; though indeed in the midst of it Strether could utter a question. "Have I your word of honor that if I surrender myself to Mme. de Vionnet you'll surrender yourself to *me?*"

Chad laid his hand firmly on his friend's. "My dear man, you have it."

There was finally something in his felicity almost embarrassing and oppressive; Strether had begun to fidget, under it, for the open air and the erect posture. He had signed to the waiter that he wished to pay, and this transaction took some moments, during which he thoroughly felt, while he put down money and pretended —it was quite hollow—to estimate change, that Chad's higher spirit, his youth, his practice, his paganism, his felicity, his assurance, his impudence, whatever it might be, had consciously scored a success. Well, that was all right, so far as it went; they covered our friend for a minute like a veil, through which—as if he had been muffled—he heard his interlocutor ask him if he mightn't take him over about five. "Over" was over the river, and over the river was where Mme. de Vionnet lived, and five was that very afternoon. They got at last out of the place—got out before he answered. He lighted, in the street, a cigarette, which again gave him more time. But it was already sharp for him that there was no use in time. "What does she propose to do to me?" he had presently demanded.

Chad had no delays. "Are you afraid of her?"

"Oh, immensely. Don't you see it?"

"Well," said Chad, "she won't do anything worse to you than make you like her."

"It's just of that I'm afraid."

"Then it's not fair to me."

Strether hesitated. "It's fair to your mother."

"Oh," said Chad, "are you afraid of *her?*"

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"Scarcely less. Or perhaps even more. But is this lady against your interests at home?" Strether went on.

"Not directly, no doubt; but she's greatly in favor of them here."

"And what—'here'—does she consider them to be?"

"Well, good relations!"

"And what *are* your good relations?"

"That's exactly what you'll make out if you'll only go, as I'm supplicating you, to see her."

Strether stared at him with a little of the wanness, no doubt, that the vision of more to "make out" could scarce help producing. "But how good are they?"

"Oh, awfully good."

Again Strether had faltered, but it was brief. It was all very well, but there was nothing now he wouldn't risk. "Excuse me, but I must really—as I began by telling you—know where I am. Is she bad?"

"'Bad'?"—Chad echoed it, but without a shock. "Is that what's implied—?"

"When relations are good?" Strether felt a little silly, and was even conscious of a foolish laugh, at having it imposed on him to have appeared to speak so. What indeed was he talking about? His stare had relaxed; he looked now all round him. But something in him brought him back, though he still didn't know quite how to turn it. The two or three days he thought of, and one of them in particular, were, even with scruples dismissed, too ugly. He none the less at last found something. "Is her life without reproach?"

It struck him, directly he had found it, as pompous and priggish; so much so that he was thankful to Chad for taking it only in the right spirit. The young man spoke so immensely to the point that the effect was practically of positive blandness. "Absolutely without reproach. A beautiful life. *Allez donc voir!*" These last words were, in the liberality of their confidence, so imperative that Strether went through no form of assent; but before they separated it had been confirmed that he should be picked up at a quarter to five.

(To be continued.)

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